THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1748

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JULY 22, 1933

"GREATEST FAITH IN IT FOR OUR BABY"

Writes a Mother.

A healthy baby's fretfulness usually arises from disturbance in the delicate digestive tract. The food disagreeing, a trio of troubles follow—acidity, wind, pain. But these are quite preventable. Baby can be made happy and kept in perfect health by Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia. A bland, harmless and absolutely safe liquid preparation. Used for generations in the nursery. Give one or two teaspoonfuls before each natural feed; or if artificially fed, add that quantity to each bottle. Most helpful also in teething. It is undoubtedly the finest form in which to take Magnesia, and has been recommended by the Medical Profession for over 100 years

AVOID IMITATIONS
Look for the name "Dinneford's" on every bottle and label.
FULL INSTRUCTIONS ENCLOSED

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA

BRITISH MADE
BRITISH OWNED
1/3 and 2/6
per bottle.

CANADIAN CLUB SMOKING MIXTURE AND CIGARETTES

While Travelling Drink Apollinaris NATURAL MINERAL WATER TRADE MARK
for safety, health and enjoyment

OTARD'S
ESTABD 1795
THE BRANDY WITH A PEDIGREE

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE

Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR

9/- per ½ Bottle
17/6 per Bottle
of all first-class Wine Merchants

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1

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"MILWATA" REGD.

SOLE PRODUCERS OF THE

POINT-TO-POINT REGD. WEATHERPROOFS

GENT'S POINT-TO-POINT (Regd.)

THESE FAMOUS COATS ARE WORN BY ALL THE SMARTEST PEOPLE AND ARE GUARANTEED WATERPROOF FOR TWO YEARS.

SINGLE TEXTURE 29/9

FEATHERWEIGHT DOUBLE TEXTURE 39/9

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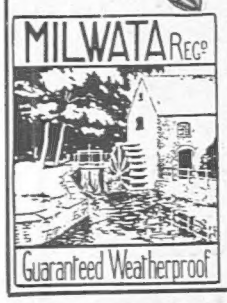
In White, Putty and Fawn Shades

LADIES' POINT-TO-POINT (Regd.)

ALSO SMART AND RELIABLE WATERPROOFS CAN BE OBTAINED AT ALL LEADING STORES FROM 12/11



Owing to many inferior imitations of these coats on the market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" trade mark on the tickets and labels.

Wholesale only: H. E. MILLS, Ltd.,
"Milwata House,"
18 WELLS ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone No.: Museum 1326 (2 lines)

FINALE...

When stumps are drawn and the last rounds of applause have died away... the memory of that wonderful 'over' still lingers... as you turn contentedly to a PLAYER'S Nº3

PLAYER'S Nº3

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA
100 FOR 6/4 50 FOR 3/3

3P148 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

AGED • • OF RARE MELLOWNESS • • • SUBTLE BOUQUET • DISTINCTIVE • • BY HOST • BY GUESTS • BY ALL PREFERRED

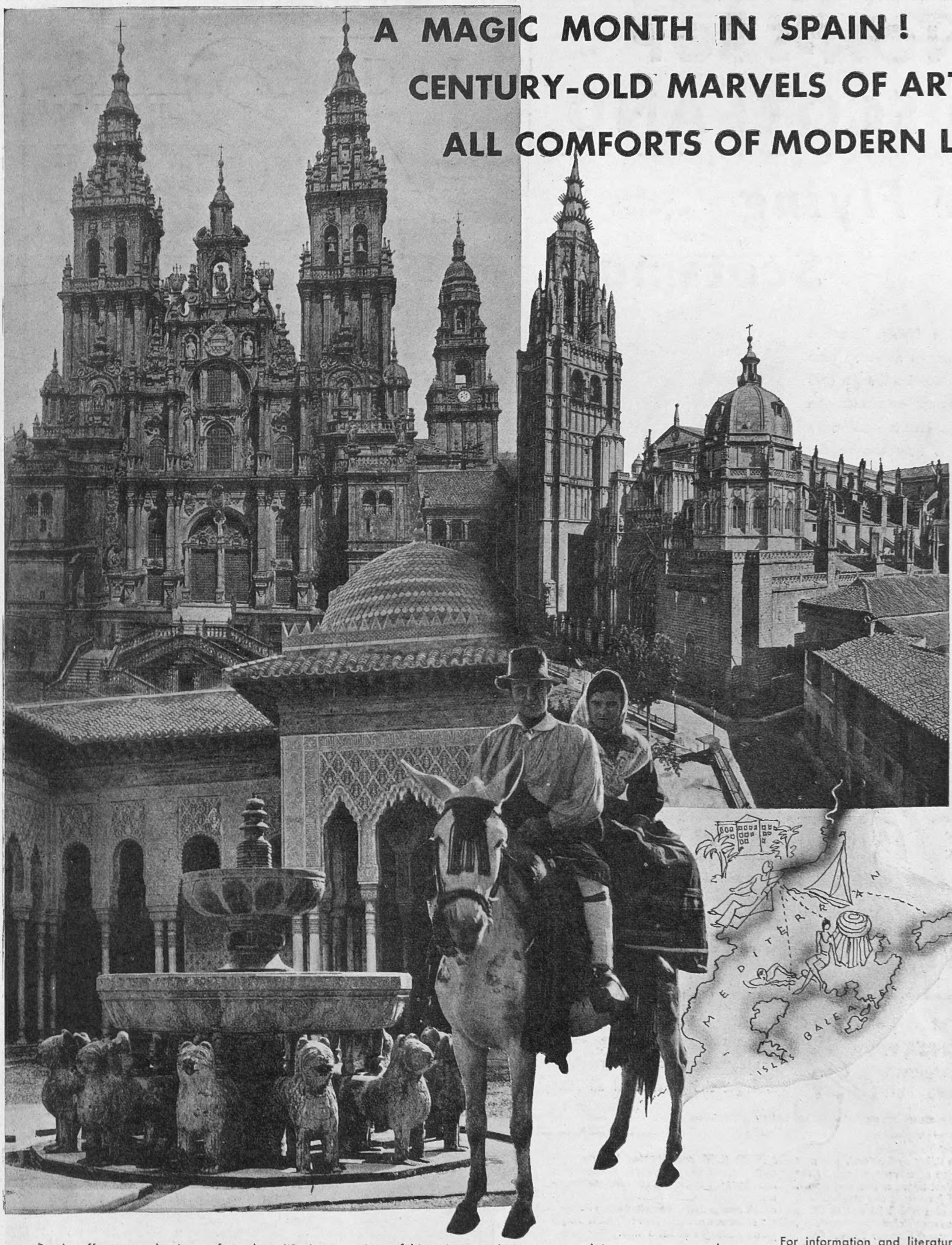
GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd. Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

London Agents for Grant's Liqueur Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. the King, 153, Regent Street, W.1

A MAGIC MONTH IN SPAIN!

CENTURY-OLD MARVELS OF ART -- ALL COMFORTS OF MODERN LIFE



Spain offers you the joys of modern life in a setting of historic grandeur. At your leisure, you may play a game of golf on one of the sporting seaside links -- or spend a quiet afternoon visiting some famous palace, whose ancient walls evoke scenes of former splendour. You may go speeding down the magnificent **auto-stradas,** or see the priceless paintings at the Prado, bathe at one of the many smart beaches, or admire a baroque cathedral. A month in Spain is magical because it is so refreshingly varied, so crammed with new and delightful experiences! A Month In Spain Will Be Remembered With Delight For Years.

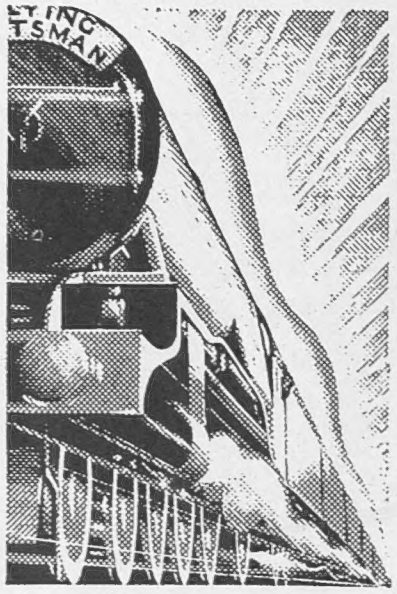
For information and literature apply to the nearest Travel Agency or directly to the

PATRONATO NACIONAL DEL TURISMO
(Spanish State Tourist Department)
MADRID, Medicaneli 2, or
PARIS, B^rd de la Madeleine, 12

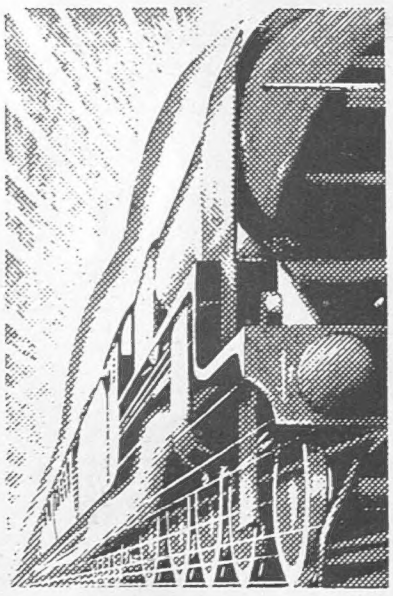
NON-STOP TO SCOTLAND

The Flying Scotsman

Last year The Flying Scotsman brought down its non-stop time for London to Edinburgh (393 miles) to 7½ hours—an acceleration of 45 minutes. That is the World's Record. It is now the regular time during the summer. It is amazing how much of elegance and luxury has been squeezed into The Flying Scotsman—buffet, salon de coiffeur, Louis XVI restaurant, ladies' retiring room, vita glass windows. A world-famous train worthy of the world-famous cities between which it runs.



The Royal Scot



Every day (but not on Sunday) at the little Border station of Gretna Green there comes out of the South a flash, a roar and, it may be, a whistle. The Royal Scot has passed from England into Scotland. London to Glasgow in 7 hours 40 minutes! That was the new record set up last year. That is the time the Royal Scot is maintaining throughout the holiday season this year. A magnificent achievement to be ranked amongst the greatest of all railway feats.

With a return ticket to Scotland, you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast, or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station. Ask at any L M S or L·N·E·R Station or Office for details of Summer Tickets (penny-a-mile), Tourist Tickets and Circular Tours.

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

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SUPER LUXURY IN THE SOUTH SEAS

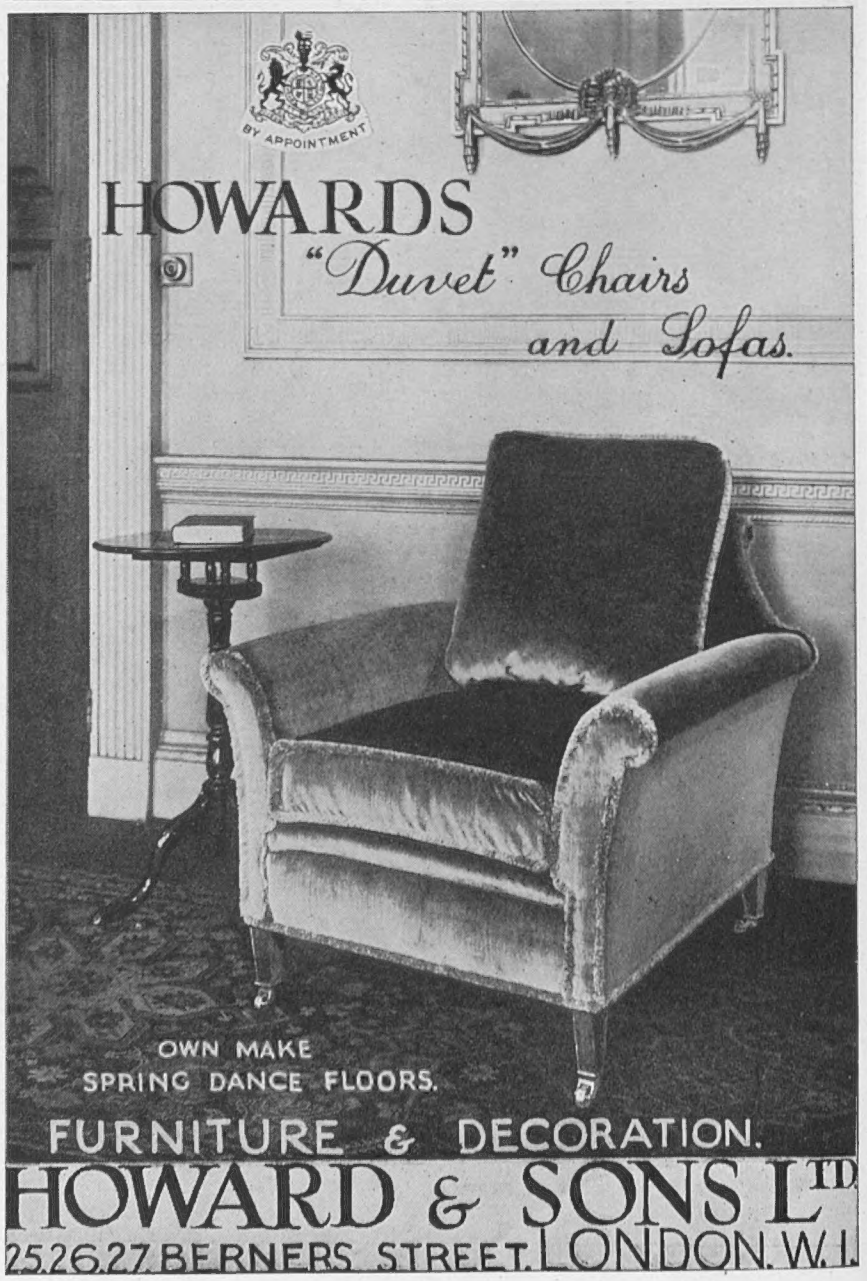
To Australia and New Zealand at time saving speed . . .

London—Sydney 28 days, London—Auckland 25 days

The Atlantic; through the Heart of America (Chicago World's Fair en route) to San Francisco and Los Angeles; thence via Hawaii, Samoa, and the Fijian Islands, by the magnificent new Liners, Mariposa, Monterey or Lurline to the Antipodes —luxuriously—speedily.
The General European Agents of the Matson Line — PICKFORDS TRAVEL SERVICE, 205, High Holborn, W.C.1, (100 branches) Tel. Holborn 7091, Thomas Cook & Son, Dean & Dawson, Ltd., or any accredited travel agent will give you full particulars of the general convenience of this journey and of the low fares which obtain. Write for illustrated booklet 'G.'

Stop-over privileges at any point. Special facilities for around the world travel. Tickets interchangeable with all principal lines.

MATSON LINE



THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 22, 1933

STUDYING THE ART OF THE CIRCUS

Ring Folk Demonstrating an Act to Lady Eleanor Smith

Lady Eleanor Smith, the talented daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead, takes an outstanding interest in everything to do with circus life. She is a real enthusiast and, as her novels testify, has the ability to interpret her knowledge and her enthusiasm into print. In company with Miss Frances Doble, the actress, she has recently joined Mr. Bertram Mills' circus at Plymouth. Both are living in a caravan and studying the customs of the circus folk at close quarters. Their object is to obtain "atmosphere" for a play shortly to be produced from Lady Eleanor's book, *Ballerina*, in which Miss Doble, is to take the leading part. She has been experiencing the art of being poised aloft by strong men of the ring. Lady Eleanor has been swung by elephants' trunks and is learning how to handle an attractive zebra team. The diligence of this talented pair should certainly result in something really entertaining for London theatregoers

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

THE HILL AND THE PLAIN IN THE METROPOLIS: Eton and Harrow made their annual descent upon Lord's on Friday and Saturday of last week. In spite of unseasonable weather big picture hats and light muslin frocks were everywhere in evidence. For once Harrow made a bold bid for victory and, but for the slow rate of scoring, gave one of their best performances for many years

ROYALTY AT THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH: Princess Ingrid, the popular Swedish Princess (centre), arriving at Lord's with Lady Patricia Ramsay (left) and Lady Astor

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 19, 1933.

CA-CANNY AT LORD'S.

—Most people would agree that a sea front on a cold rainy day in summer and Lord's cricket ground during a dull match under similar conditions of weather are among the first half-dozen gloomiest sights on earth. The 'Varsity match is seldom a dull fixture, and it attracts old friends to Lord's as no other cricket match in the year. Yet inside the pavilion during most of the game this year the sense of desolation was more poignant than when the pavilion holds only the hardened habitués. The great room was crowded with old friends of Oxford and Cambridge days, a damp steam rising from their sombre habits and a pungent smell from their waterproofs. They bridged the years in whispers while the rain lashed down, or the batsmen, during brief intervals of play, drew back from the ball, or gazed hopelessly on the arena of empty tiers rising to the grey skies. Melancholy pops from the bar only served to punctuate the dirge, and only the jolly cricket pictures on the walls gave any hint of colour and joy. They depict the game being played at its best on sunlit village greens by happy merry-makers in unspoilt country. It was impossible not to feel the tragedy of wasted time and money, and disappointed hopes on this, the country parsons' festival. But Jupiter Pluvius relents and gives place to Old Sol, whose moon is Lord's, and the transformation from gloom to jollity is swift and certain—if you can afford the time to wait. The Eton and Harrow match opened under unexpectedly pleasant conditions, and an empty arena filled up after luncheon. Indeed, Friday was voted as jolly a day at Lord's, socially and atmospherically, as one could wish. Only the ladies in cartwheel hats, and the young gallants who chased and retrieved those hats as they bowled or glided in the wind, had any complaints to make. But the old school cricketer growled. In seven hours' play runs came at the rate of forty-seven to the hour; and though the wicket was sodden and the patience of Pawle and Hodgkin received its due meed of praise, we had not forgotten the slow motion of the 'Varsities, and found the timeless cricket hard to endure.

SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS: A studio portrait of the famous author of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Rupert of Hentzau* who died on Saturday last at the age of seventy

BRINGING FICTION TO LIFE: Mr. George Alexander in the part of Rudolf Rassendyll which he played with such success in the dramatized version of "Anthony Hope's" novel, *The Prisoner of Zenda*

"NO, SIR."

—I cling obstinately to my opinion that under present conditions the heads of Government and the professions are adequately paid, the heads of the Civil Service often overpaid, and the leading lights in finance and industry grossly overpaid. But I am bound to say that Mr. Baldwin dealt somewhat roughly with the Bench, and begged a number of burning questions when he dealt with the cuts in judges' salaries last week in Parliament. He made no reply to the question whether it was an error to treat judges as servants of the Crown; and his reply to a double-barrelled supplementary, asking whether the Government deliberately cut judicial salaries as though the Bench were a part of the Civil Service, was both irrelevant and contentious. He did not see why a judge should be excused his cut any more than a Minister of the Crown. In thus burking one issue, he raised another. We are most of us agreed there are not too many judges, and we are equally agreed there are far too many ministers. And after a long experience of futile conferences and abortive commissions and shelved committee reports, we may be pardoned if we decide that the judge is a more valuable piece than the minister on the chequer board. The bishop can damn you and the judge can hang you; the minister can protect neither your body nor your soul. If you survive, it is in spite of him.

MR. CRAMP.

—Experience of the inner workings and the temper of organized democracy time and again turn extremists to moderation and revolutionists to conciliation and constitutional methods. And Mr. Cramp, like Mr. Thomas, was an example of one who, giving the best years of his life to the cause of the N.U.R., transformed the hot-headed violence of his youth into the constructive moderation of middle age. He grew to loathe the injustice and blind cruelty of extremism and the bitter folly and selfishness of violence and hasty action. He came to see that to every question there are two sides and that employers are not so black as hot youth and embittered incompetence always paint them. And, therefore, his death at an early age is a severe blow to conciliation and understanding between employers and employed in every industry. He regarded the strike as the last and not the first argument; he saw, in perfecting the machinery of conciliation, the only lasting cure to the most vital (but one) of the labour problems. The first is the provision of work for all, the second the fair distribution of work so that those who give their labour and those who provide the means shall both secure a fair return in kind for what they offer. In middle age, both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Cramp stood for the best (because the experienced) type of constitutional and moderate Socialists.

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

—Anthony Hope is already a memory, but was a hero of my youth and his books will continue to appeal to me. I liked his books (perhaps it was snobbish of me) because his heroes were 100 per cent. gentlemen and his heroines were fit partners for his heroes. The nephew of Mr. Justice Hawkins (Lord Brampton), Anthony Hope had progressed many stages in delicacy, wit, and knowledge of the great world beyond his famous uncle, when he delighted London with the publication of his two masterpieces in 1894. Rassendyll is surely the most splendid gentleman in all the fiction which time translates into reality. As for Carter (Samuel Travers), his wit redeems him. Without it, he had perhaps been more fairly described as one of those idle men about town and *flâneurs* who, not bounders, are yet on the boundary line. But his wit redeems him and the world is as tolerant of his polite vices as was old Rhadamanthus. Lord, how many middle-aged men have modelled their style in wit and humour on the *Dolly Dialogues* and made Rudolf Rassendyll their unattainable ideal of manners and phlegm and cosmopolitan ease!

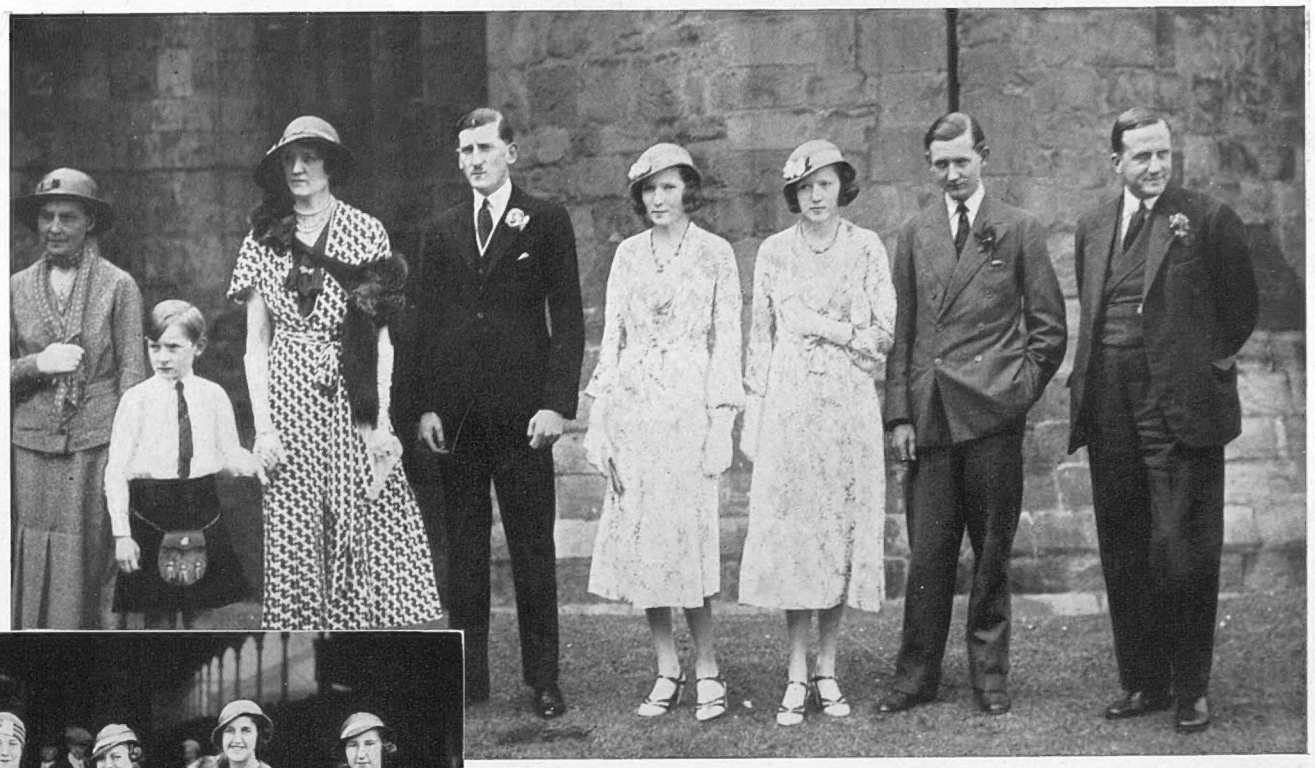
THE LIFE-BLOOD OF INDUSTRY.

—The middle-aged man has, burnt in the memory of his youth, an early example of the science of advertising. It must have been a good slogan which has stood the test of time and the changes of forty years:

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

DON SLETTER

Lives there a man of forty-five with soul so dead who does not find this old tin placard among his treasured memories of his first Highland holiday? Publicity has moved forward since those days. The arts have become advertisement's handmaidens; the hoardings are art galleries, as full of colour and gaiety and invention as the Academy and infinitely more select and tasteful. Wit, humour, or good taste are the three standards of qualification for what may pass to attract the public eye. Time was when only the vendors of patent medicines saw the vital necessity for hammering a meaningless name on the consciousness of the public. To-day there is not a business, nor a subdivision of a division of an industry which has not learned the lesson that it pays to advertise, that no buyer comes to the dumb vendor, and that the pocket can only be reached through the eye and the ear. The very exception proves the rule: the baker attracts the hungry in his immediate neighbourhood through the nose. The vendor who must attract a wide public must blow loud or shoot his rockets high. And the greater importance commerce has come to attach to advertising, the higher has become the standard of taste demanded. Crudeness and vulgarity never yet paid, nor yet lies. These methods repel more than they attract. Truth and taste and plenty of it. That is the lesson you will learn at Olympia.



THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND COMES OF AGE: A family group taken prior to the Duke's reception of 3,000 guests at Alnwick Castle. Left to right—Lady Victoria Percy, Lord Geoffrey Percy, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Duke of Northumberland, Lady Elizabeth Percy, Lady Diana Percy, Lord Hugh Percy, and Lord Eustace Percy

BRITAIN'S WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM LEAVES FOR THE U.S.A.: Left to right—Miss Freda James, Miss Betty Nuthall, Mr. Horn (manager), Miss M. C. Scriven, Miss Mary Heeley, Mrs. L. R. C. Mitchell, and Miss Dorothy Round

NEVEREST.—Will another attempt be made on Everest? I fancy the question was debated and decided behind closed doors last week and I fancy the answer was in the affirmative. For man will never rest until he has wrested the last secret from Nature and made a suburbia of the whole earth. But I am sure of one thing and that is, that Everest (if indeed she is the tallest and the most difficult of the Sisters of the Snows) will never be conquered until means have been found and taken to equip that last camp to accommodate *four* and not *two* surviving pioneers—two to make the final dash, and two more (whose task is little less onerous) to fit them out and guide them back and have everything in readiness to lighten for the chosen two the beginning and the ending of that final dash. And the doubling of the capacity of that last camp implies a root and branch amendment of organization and an increased expenditure. Of course we go on. . . . If we do not, then the Germans or the Scandinavians or the Latins will.

THE GREAT FIGHT.—Nothing was wanting to make the great fight at the White City the social and sporting feature which we have come to expect and which does such honour to our country and to the ring—a month of concentrated boosting leading up to a few seconds of fouling. Seventy thousand sportsmen queued up with their money, raucous with cat-calls; the first-night favourites were in their places, the ex-kings, the ex-belles of past seasons, Mr. Cochran, Augustus John, and Sir Harry of Brighton. The poets selected to paint word pictures of the homeric contest nibbled their pencils, and after the usual preliminaries of sparring and boosting the protagonists of publicity squared up. By a miracle the fight survived the first round; for 3½ minutes the windmills worked furiously and the referee used his eyes discreetly, but after 150 seconds of rough and tumble he did his duty and disqualified the less restrained of the two knockabouts. And then the ex-kings and belles and poets and ring patrons drove back to London in an endless queue, grousing, arguing, or yawning.

CLAUSTROPHOBIA.—It is very rare to find a mention in the Press of that little advertised mental affliction known as claustrophobia, and Dr. Campbell's reference to it in *The Times* last week interested me and others. The malady is not as rare as most practitioners consider, and the belief in its rarity is largely due to the difficulty which young sufferers find in describing their symptoms and to the unwillingness of adult sufferers to admit them. There are thousands of healthy, sane men walking the streets of London whose lives are handicapped by the malady in varying forms of intensity. I know half a dozen who cannot travel in tubes or lifts and who would in no circumstances enter a non-corridor compartment in a train. Indeed, as I once pointed out, the suburban railway lines lost a not negligible proportion of passenger receipts through their obstinate retention of that most barbarous anachronism, the pill-box railway carriage. The disease is certainly not one which fastens on and conquers weak wills, and it is not, I believe, curable, unless in extreme youth, by suggestion; nor by determined efforts of will in maturity. It is inexplicable and largely incurable.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The renaming and labelling of old roads, streets, and lanes in town and country districts is often a cause of dissatisfaction to a minority which cares for local tradition. In general, the policy of local authorities is to substitute for the old name, some high-sounding invention. The zeal and invention of the local councillor suggest "South Down Prospect Road" for "Hog's Lane," and "Thames View Avenue" for "Parson's Way," and "Armistice Square" for "Goodman's Piece." His zeal will not rest until he has Bognorized every square yard of the old England which he controls. But sometimes you find dissatisfaction caused by sincere efforts to revive ancient traditions in street names. The Local Government Records Committee, after an exhaustive study of Blackheath's history, has proposed a number of substitutes for roads in that area which would recall its ancient traditions. Thus "Goffers Road" and "Whitfield Road" and "Wat-Tyler Road" are to recall the first beginnings of golf, the preaching of the Wesleys and Co., and the revolt of 1381. But Lewisham Borough Council resents these scholarly efforts, feeling no doubt it could do it, if necessary, more neatly and high soundingly itself.

A PRINCELY LEGACY.—Julius Cæsar by his will made the citizens of Rome his heirs. He left them his gardens and orchards, and a cash legacy to every adult citizen. And Mark Antony made considerable capital out of reading the document to the beneficiaries. Sir John Ellerman, who died last week, has (if the calculations of the nimble accountants first in the field prove correct) out-Cæsared Cæsar by a simple and automatic operation of the law. So vast was his fortune (estimated!) that the death duties upon it are calculated to equal 3d. off the income tax. When we remember that 6d. off income tax was a gamble too great for the Chancellor to take last April, we appreciate the (reputed) vastness of the Ellerman fortune and the undoubted ferocity of death duties in the case of millionaire estates.

THE OLD STAGER

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V: The Sovereign head of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem painted by the Chevalier Dingli. Photographed by W. H. A. Fincham

SPORT, FLYING, and

THE QUEEN AT RANELAGH: Her Majesty presenting the Maharajah of Jaipur with the King's Coronation Challenge Cup which the all-conquering Indian team won after an excellent match with the Royal Scots Greys. The cup was first presented for competition in 1911 and is open only to teams who have been successful in the current season's Open and Regimental Tournaments. In the first two chukkers the Indians gave a brilliant exhibition and scored eight of their nine goals

THE PRINCE IN SOUTH DORSET: H.R.H. inspecting the new pier at Weymouth after co ducting the official opening ceremony. The Prince's arrival in the town was delaye for over two hours, his aeroplane having to make a forced landing on the outskir of Swanage. He was received by the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Mayor of Weymou

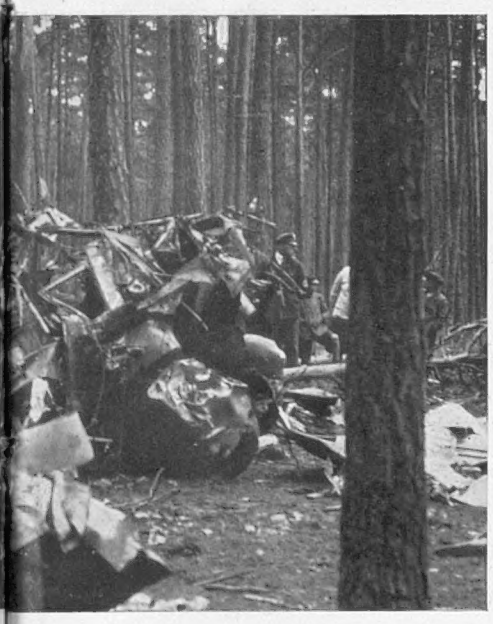
TRAGEDY FOLLOWS A TRIUMPHANT ATLANTIC CROSSING: The wrecked Bellan Germany, in which the Lithuanian airmen, Captain Stephan Darius and Lieutena New York to Kovno non-stop. It is thought that the two flyers were compelled t fuel. They apparently fell into a clear

AN ANNUAL COLD PLUNGE FOR THE COPPER: Fully clothed dock policemen jumping into the West India Dock to test the efficiency of their life jackets which are worn during foggy weather. Under such conditions the services of the police are frequently called upon for rescue work; their own patrol work is not free from danger

SIR JOHN AND LADY SIMON with Captain G. F. Huff on the bridge of the Royal M liner *Arlanza*, before leaving Southampton on July 15. The Foreign Secretary h not been in good health for some months. There has been quite a rush for cu on the part of politicians and Conference diplomats during the past few days

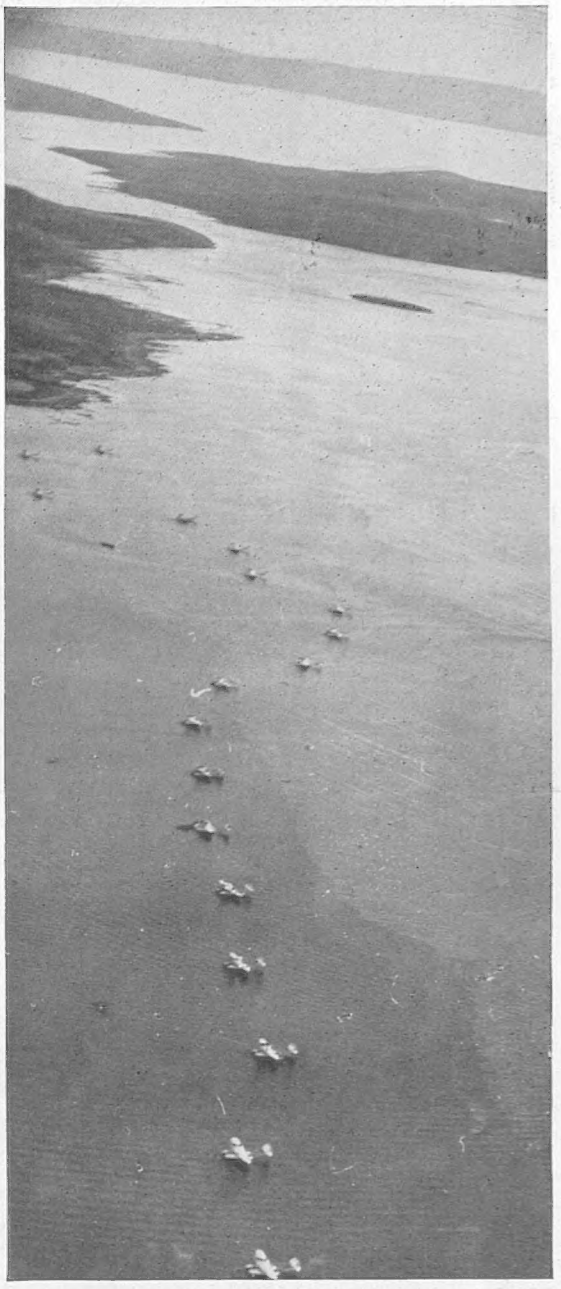
OTHER ACTIVITIES of the WEEK

ASHBURTON DAY AT BISLEY: Seventy-nine Public School teams competed for the Ashburton Shield this year. The weather conditions, as this picture shows, were unusually difficult



monoplane, in the State forests, near Soldin, Girenas, made their ill-fated attempt to fly from make a forced landing on account of shortage of in the forest

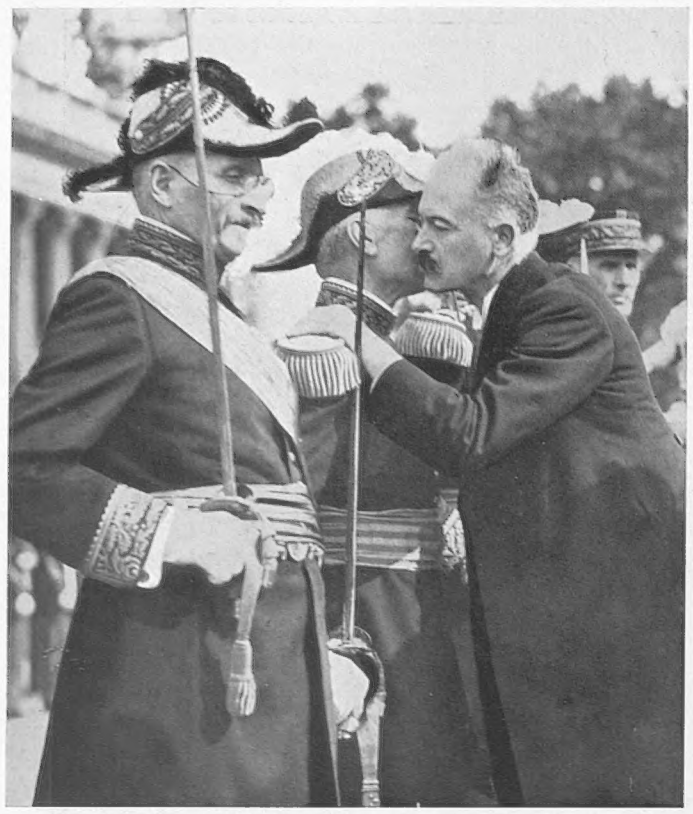
PUTTING A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH: Mr. Wiley Post who, as we go to press, is still proceeding on his world flight, seen at the Tempelhof Aerodrome, Berlin, after completing the first stage of his journey in under twenty-six hours from New York



ITALY'S AIR ARMADA ARRIVES IN AMERICA: The scene in Sandwich Bay, Cartwright, Labrador, after the landing of General Balbo and his squadron of trans-atlantic seaplanes. The 'planes alighted in threes without any mishap to the forty-eight engines

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BRIDGE MARATHON AT SELFRIDGE'S: Mr. Ely Culbertson (American Captain), Lady Doris Rhodes, Mrs. Ely Culbertson, and Colonel H. M. Beasley (English Captain) seen at the start of the great Contract Bridge match. England made a good beginning and at the end of the first day actually led by 1,170 points. Mr. Culbertson was impressed by the play which he was encountering

HIS FLOCK SAFE: General Balbo throws his hands in the air as the last seaplane lands safely in Sandwich Bay, Cartwright. The journey to Chicago was later continued by easy stages



PRESIDENT LEBRUN embracing naval officers at the annual review in Paris celebrating the fall of the Bastille on July 14, 1789. Similar reviews took place throughout the country

OXFORD MOVEMENT CENTENARY SERVICE AT THE WHITE CITY: The Bishop of Colombo advancing to the High Altar to celebrate Mass before 50,000 worshippers. A chaplain carried a service book illuminated by the Rev. W. G. de Lara Wilson

PARIS DANCES

Four Nights of Rejoicing to Celebrate the Fall of the Bastille

PARIS

If, as the French saying has it, everything in France ends with a song, it certainly begins with a dance. For four nights last week all France was dancing in the streets to celebrate the glorious Fourteenth of July, 1789, when the Bastille was stormed and the reign of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" began.

However disputable from certain points of view the existence of these gifts may be in this country, on the fêtes of the Fourteenth of July, Democracy truly reigns. Cabinet Ministers, Deputies, Senators, business leaders, midinettes, girl clerks, shop-girls, bus conductors and tram conductresses—all are to be found dancing with abandon in the Boulevards to the strains of bands in which the accordeon and the trombone traditionally do all the work.

For four days traffic was diverted to allow thousands to stroll arm-in-arm under festoons of multi-coloured electric lights along the Boulevards, where numerous stalls selling everything from miraculous collars which can be washed and dried in three minutes to framed oil paintings, had sprung up.

In the villages of France, it is the *pombiers*, or firemen, who "make the music." I remember when five years ago I was in the picturesque village of Vezelay seeing the four *pompiers* marching up and down the single, steep, dusty street, playing martial airs with three bugles and a drum. In the evening a *feu de joie* was lit in the *place* and everyone joined hands and danced round it, while the more venturesome lads took flying leaps over the yellow flames.

The army throughout the country is reviewed (because the fourteenth is really a military fête in which the civilian population joins) and in the evening all ranks get a good pint of red wine served out.

In Paris all the Government offices and municipal buildings are flood-lit every year, and torch-light military processions march through the streets to music. One of the most impressive sights this year was the procession of the garrison of Paris along the quays of the Seine. Seen from the opposite bank, the flickering torches moving against the ancient stone palaces of *Ile de la Cité*, and reflected as bobbing pin-heads of light in the blue-black waters of the Seine, made a picture of striking beauty.

The festivities begin on the evening of the 13th, when dancing is kept up to an early hour. Cafés overflow their usual number of little tables on the pavements into the streets, and laughter and talk mingle with the clink of glasses and the strains of the accordeons. On the 14th itself dancing begins about eight in the evening and goes on till about eight in the morning. All shops and business houses are closed, so that the better part of the day is spent in well-earned repose.

Extra trains took thousands of Parisians to the country this year, while others brought thousands of country folk into Paris to see the gaieties of the city.

Throughout the nights firework displays, both official and organized and unofficial, disorganized, and disorganizing, cast their red and white glows into the Paris skies, while at odd times batteries of artillery shot deafening salvoes over the sparkling Seine...

This year the spirits of revellers were considerably raised by an opportune declaration made by M. Kling, analytical chemist to the city of Paris. Speaking at a public dinner on the eve of the festivities, he announced amidst resounding applause that the result of drinking wine and water separately or mixed in the course of the same meal was exactly the same as far as the physical constitution of the drinker was concerned. The French who, as a wine-drinking nation, do not like to put water in their wine, have done so to some extent in the past when, on an occasion like the Glorious Fourteenth, they thought that there might be danger of taking too much. This year, thanks to M. Kling, water was banished, and despite this, it need perhaps hardly be said, not a drunken Frenchman was seen in the streets.

J. H.

DANCING IN THE RUE ST. DENIS: Merrymaking during the three days of the national fête

HIGH MASS

Anglo-Catholics Celebrate the Oxford Movement at the White City

The beginning of the Oxford Movement is officially given as July 14, 1833, the day upon which Keble preached his famous sermon on "National Apostasy." This was the spark which kindled the enthusiasm of a group of earnest Christian men and brought about the flaming fire of Anglo-Catholicism. But for some years before these men had been disturbed by the destructive Liberalism of Dr. Arnold and others, which they considered might well overthrow Christianity itself, and they were bent upon preserving the Christian doctrine of the Early Church.

The three great leaders of the movement were John Henry Newman, John Keble, and Richard Hurrell Froude (the elder brother of James Anthony Froude, the historian). Keble was by nature a country parson, of saintly character, with the true spirit of a poet—his *Christian Year* (published in 1826) had aroused a devotional spirit not then usual in the Church, but he was endowed as the fighting leader of a cause. The real founder of the movement was Newman, whose influence in the Oxford of his day was profound, when, as Vicar of St. Mary's, his sermons attracted great attention. Richard Hurrell Froude, a Fellow of Oriel, was responsible for bringing Keble and Newman together, and by his forceful character urged Keble into energetic action; he died soon after the movement was started, and Dr. Pusey became another of the leaders, though not one of the actual originators. He differed from Newman over his historical interpretation of the past, and would not denounce the leaders of the Reformation with the same severity, even going to the extent of supporting a project for a memorial to commemorate the martyrs of the great Reformation movement.

Shortly after Keble's sermon it was decided by certain enthusiasts meeting at Hadleigh Rectory, in Suffolk, to distribute leaflets to the clergy, to revive Catholic doctrine. The idea of these "Tracts for the Times" originated with Newman, who wrote the first on Apostolic Succession. For the next two years these tracts poured out in rapid succession—most of them quite brief, but dealing with controversial religious belief and intended, as Dean Church said, "to startle the world." In this they were eminently successful. Dr. Pusey, then Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, entered the fray with a tract on Baptism, which was very lengthy, and was signed with his initials, thus proclaiming his connection with the movement.

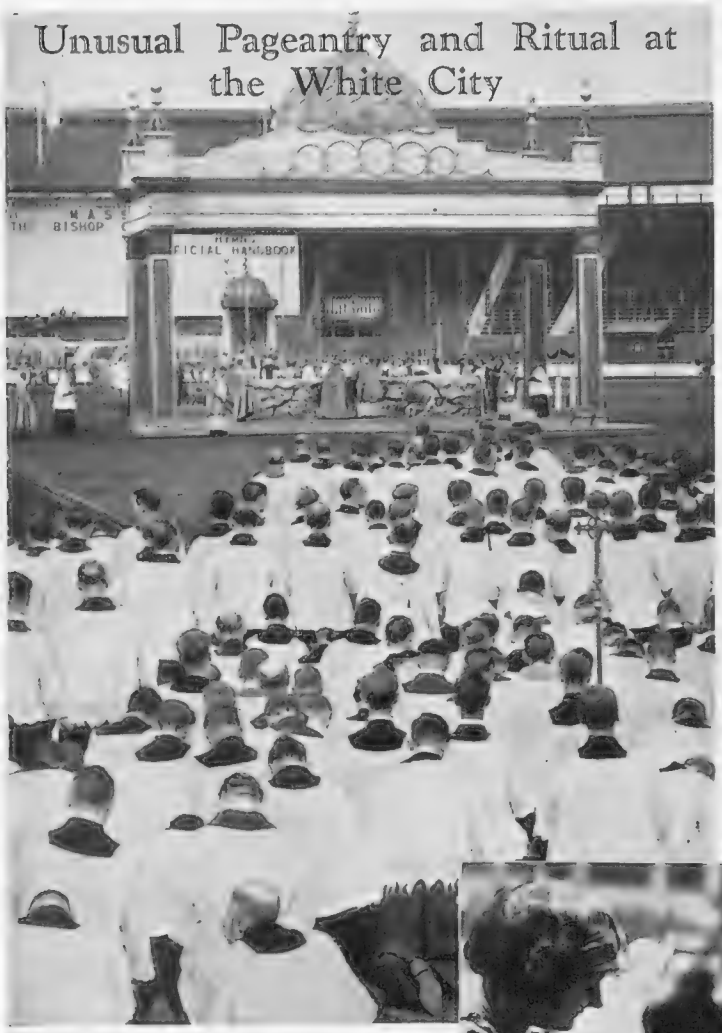
It was amazing how rapidly the movement, which had begun among a small knot of people, spread. Within two years it had become a great power, so much so that when a certain Dr. Hampden's lectures at Oxford were objected to, the Tractarian party were able, in Convocation, to pass a measure depriving Dr. Hampden of his right of voting for the preachers of the University. It reached its height in February, 1841, when Newman published the famous Tract No. 90, on the Thirty-nine Articles, which he endeavoured to prove were directed solely against the supremacy of the Pope, and were not against Catholic doctrine. This at last roused all Protestant England, and protests came rushing out, forcing the heads of the University to leave their attitude of calm disdain for one of acute alarm. Newman resigned his living of St. Mary's, discontinued connection with the tracts, and retired to Littlemore, hoping that the turmoil would die down. But actually Tract No. 90 was the immediate cause of the breaking-up of the Oxford Movement; the bishops formally censured the tracts, and at a special Convocation in 1845 a condemnation of the famous tract was proposed, resulting in a complete defeat of the Tractarians, who only nine years before had been triumphant.

This marked the end of the Oxford Movement. Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church that same year, and was followed by many others, while those that remained loyal to the Church of England seemed defeated in their aims. Keble enjoyed the quiet of Hurley, and did not again make any stir, while Pusey struggled on under great difficulties, prevented from preaching in the diocese of

(Continued on p. 158)

OXFORD MOVEMENT CELEBRATIONS

Unusual Pageantry and Ritual at the White City



BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR: A general view of the White City Stadium showing the enormous scale upon which the service was conducted. The Bishop of St. Alban's throne can be seen beyond the huge canopy

CAMERAS TO THE FORE: The Bishop of St. Alban's walking from his throne at the conclusion of last Sunday's elaborate ceremony. The scarlet canopy was held above his head by four bearers in black court dress. *Left*—The young actress who took the part of "Our Lady" in the Pageant of Youth at the Albert Hall. It was held on Saturday in connection with the Oxford Movement celebrations

IN LONDON'S LATIN QUARTER: A view of the procession through the streets of Clerkenwell during the celebration of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Although only a parochial event, thousands of Italians lined the route, and rose petals were showered upon the effigy as it was slowly drawn through the throng

ELABORATE RITUAL IN CLERKENWELL: The crowd watching the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel being borne along the flower-decked route. The procession, which is an annual event, started at the Italian Church in Clerkenwell. During the summer months some thirty or forty of these Roman Catholic festivals are celebrated in various parts of London

VISIT "THE SPHERE" AT OLYMPIA THIS WEEK

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ADVERTISING AND MARKETING EXHIBITION: The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Prime Minister have all shown their interest in this great effort on the part of the Advertising Association to further the cause of "Selling British." The exhibition's first aim is to demonstrate the still unexploited possibilities of the home market, advertising being regarded as the key to sales and sales as the key to the development of Britain industrially

LORD DERBY DELIVERS THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS: "I will not say that advertising, with all that it means, is the only way to the trade recovery which we all desire to see, but I certainly assert with all confidence that it is one way, and a most valuable one."—*Extract from Lord Derby's speech*

OLYMPIA'S OWN NEWSPAPER: Lord Derby reading one of the first copies of the *Daily Review*, which is recording events at Olympia during the period of the exhibition

THE SHOP OF 1950: The conception of a committee of practical men of the manner in which a housewife will make her purchases seventeen years hence. Everything will be in packets

ADVERTISING BELOW AND ABOVE GROUND: A novel display by the newly formed London Passenger Transport Board

BLOWING OUR OWN TRUMPET: The Illustrated Newspapers Stand at Olympia where "The Sphere" and its sister publications are now on exhibition

A SIGNAL SUCCESS: The Southern Railway advertises its value as an advertising medium

WHITE WINGS

of the "Velsheda"

A POTENTIAL AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER: A section of the deck of Mr. W. L. Stephenson's all-steel yacht *Velsheda*—a successful newcomer among the "J" class boats. A feature of her design is the absence of a bowsprit

THE "VELSHEDA" IN ACTION: A picture taken through the rigging of *Shamrock V* during a recent race in the Thames estuary. The stiffening struts on the steel mast are clearly discernible. After a poor initial performance the *Velsheda* has scored some notable successes over her older rivals

A YACHTING HAT TRICK: A striking view of the *Velsheda* during one of her first races. The outstanding all-round superiority of Mr. Stephenson's yacht was demonstrated at the recent Northern Yacht Club Regatta on the Clyde when, under varying weather conditions, she won three races off the reel. In construction the *Velsheda* is most unusual, and in many ways resembles the *Weetamoe*, which was nearly chosen in place of the *Enterprise* as the last America's Cup defender. A most unorthodox feature is the flexible but controlled main boom. This allows of the foot of the mainsail assuming a curve conforming to that desired by the sail designer—a factor which has already proved itself as making for increased efficiency

INVERTED MOUNTAINEERING

By H. WADSWORTH HAYWOOD
(President of the Leeds Cave Club)

ALUM POT FROM THE END OF LONG CHURN CAVE: A gaping chasm nearly 290 ft. deep. The view from this opening is awe-inspiring, especially when the 200-ft. cataract is seen through spray and sunshine

CALF HOLES, RIBBLESDALE: A stream thundering into the depths of a pothole. The shafts often extend several hundreds of feet below the surface

"POTHOLING" IN THE PENNINES: Every cave has its own particular difficulties. These climbers are using a rope ladder in a particularly difficult ascent

ENTRANCE TO BROWGILL CAVE, RIBBLESDALE: A favourite haunt of the explorer. One of the thrills of this sport of "potholing" is the possibility of finding previously undiscovered caverns

The sport of "potholing"—"inverted mountaineering" as it has been neatly termed—is becoming increasingly popular in the limestone districts where the caves and pots abound.

The Mecca of the sport is Craven, the wild, mountainous region north-west of Yorkshire, so sparsely populated that on the 1-in. map each solitary farm is important enough to be named. The district crowned by the three giants of the Pennines, Whernside, Ingleborough, and Pen-y-Ghent, is honeycombed with caverns eaten out by streams, very few of which flow their whole course above ground. There are about 200 known caves and pots in Craven—but a small percentage of those that must exist.

One of the finest potholes in the country is Alum or Helln Pot, a gaping chasm 130 ft. by 30 ft. at the mouth, and 290 ft. deep. It ends in a vast chamber 100 ft. high with a deafening subterranean waterfall 80 ft. high, from Diccan Pot. A fine series of caves known as Long Churn opens out into the pot a third of the way down. The scenery from this opening is awe-inspiring in the extreme, especially after rain, when the 200-ft. cataract tumbling over the lip of the pot is seen through spray and sunshine.

The descent of potholes is made by rope ladders, and the sport makes perhaps more physical demands than any other. The infinite variety of size, shape, and depth of pots and caves means that the potholer must be prepared for anything. Almost invariably he is working and climbing in water and darkness, usually laden with coils of ropes and ladders, depending for light on the lamp fixed on his forehead.

In a cave like Lost Johns' on Leck Fell, a maze of several miles of passages and deep pots, there are seventeen ladder pitches, two roof traverses (where he has to cross the roof of potholes on ledges, using one hand for clinging and one for carrying gear), several stretches of crawling flat on the stomach, descents of agonizing narrow rifts, rope climbs, and at least one descent of a ladder hanging in a waterfall. But it is worth it. At the bottom, 500 ft. below the insignificant entrance, is a "master" cave nearly one-and-a-half miles long and 100 ft. high.

Every pot and cave has its own particular difficulties, and many of them flood quickly after a few hours' rain. In some caves one stands awed by the beauty of countless thousands of gleaming crystal stalactites and immense cascades of spar. In others the clean-swept walls, and the thunder of waters which have fretted the rock into grotesque leaves with razor edges, warn us to keep a wary look-out for the first suspicion of a freshet; and then—out, with all speed.

But it is all in the game—the most fascinating game centring round lonely camps in a land of rock and crag, drenched with rugged beauty of fell and gill.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Miss Round Receives a Civic Welcome

THE HON. WALTER BLUNT MACKENZIE OF STRATHPEFFER walking in the grounds of Guthrie Castle with the Hon. Isobel Wedderburn Ogilvy of Meigle

MISS DOROTHY ROUND, Britain's woman finalist at Wimbledon, receiving from the Mayor of Dudley a diamond wrist watch subscribed for by her fellow citizens. A large crowd assembled to greet Miss Round outside the Town Hall, where she was given an official address of welcome

ETONIAN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE MARRIES A FRENCH COUNTESS: Mr. Leander McCormick, a member of the Chicago family controlling the International Harvesting Company, and his bride, the Comtesse de Fleurieu. Their wedding took place last week at Henrietta Street Register Office and was followed immediately by a religious ceremony at the Savoy Chapel

MISS MARGOT MORRIS, daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Morris, leaving her home in Chester Square for her marriage last week to Mr. Ernest Golden Whinney. Her gown was ivory lace carried out in a design of lilies

MISS NORMA SHEARER and her husband, Mr. Irving Thalberg, seen at Waterloo Station before leaving on the Southampton boat train. During their short stay the couple found time to spend a few days at Gleneagles

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AWHEEL ROUND FRANCE

Where the National Sport of Cycling Holds Undisputed Sway in the Affections of the People, and Public Enthusiasm Largely Centres Round the Great Marathon Road Races

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON

PUSH-BIKING FOR TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS: Cyclists starting the upward journey between Aix-les-Bains and Grenoble on the seventh stage of their twenty-seven day race round France. The Belgians and Italians usually excel on the difficult hill climbs

LEAVING METZ for Belfort on the fourth lap of the race. Note the water bottles on the handlebars containing refreshment for the competitors

A DRINK EN ROUTE: Pedalling through the mountain passes during the Tour de France

HOT WORK: Competitors nearing the summit of a particularly difficult mountain road

SIGNOR GUERRA, the Italian cyclist, arriving at Aix-les-Bains after completing and winning the sixth stage of the race

I watched the beginning of the Tour de France—eighty solid athletes with enormous leg muscular development—and I shall watch them at at least one point of the great circuit before witnessing the return of the depleted teams to Paris. If one has become accustomed to French ways, it is almost impossible to refrain from taking some interest in the national sport.

For cycling is indeed the national sport of France. Just as football (followed by cricket) is the popular sport of England; just as bullfighting is the popular sport of Spain; just as baseball is the popular American sport—so cycle races in France appeal to infinitely more people than any other form of competition.

Tennis? Yes, there is a public for tennis, and France has produced a number of real champions. Golf? Well, if it has not caught on as in other countries, some of the best golf links in the world are in France. Horse-racing? It is keenly followed by the great public. Foot-running and other track games? France holds an honourable place. Automobilism? It stands high. Aviation? France excels in the air. Rowing, swimming, skating? Yes, they have plenty of devotees. But nothing arouses the enthusiasm of the average Frenchman anything like as much as cycling.

The good old "bike" is still favourite. Horses can put up record speeds, motor cars can average a hundred miles an hour, aeroplanes can work up to three hundred if they please; but the steady pedaller who can sometimes manage nearly thirty miles an hour provides the Frenchman with many more thrills.

Perhaps it would be possible to found a national philosophy on the outstanding French sport. Perhaps one could draw the psychological portrait of a people in terms of tyres and wheels and handlebars. There is something conservative in this taste; something which contents itself with the familiar and the old-fashioned, and is opposed to progress; something moderate; something faithful; something democratic, since everybody can possess and ride a bicycle, in the French choice of its national recreation.

However this may be, for nearly a month every year the peripetiæ of the itinerary of the Tour de France capture the headlines on the front pages of the newspapers. Speeches may be made at international conferences, princes marry commoners, gorgeous crimes may be committed—no matter: the principal news is whether Guerra or Leducq won yesterday's stage, and who has fallen down, and who has fallen out of the race. Is the maillot jaune worn by a Frenchman, by a Belgian, by an Italian, or by a German? And is he likely to keep the yellow sweater—symbol of his leadership—when the great test of the Alps or the Pyrenees is passed?

There are plenty of these road races—from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Lille; but the greatest of them all takes the coureurs completely round France. Look at the map and you will see what this means. It is not generally appreciated that, Russia apart, France is the largest European country; and moreover, it is practically square—almost the same distance from East to West as from North to South. And these men on wheels follow a course which takes them to the four corners of the country.

Look at the map again, and observe how difficult are many sections—immense mountain ranges, among the highest and steepest in Europe. Think of the extremes of heat and cold. The cyclist may be sweltering in tropical weather on routes covered with white dust, and a little later his teeth may be chattering on icy summits. He must keep on, he must go through fire and water, indifferent to them both, if he is to have any chance of winning.

I have seen them, some of them mere boys, these champions of the route, filled with unflagging determination, others hard-bitten veterans, grimly squaring their jaws—I have seen them covered with mud and sweat, tired out after more than twenty days of constant pedalling, sometimes suffering from all kinds of ailments that are necessarily engendered by insufficient repose, hastily snatched food, bad tumbles, sudden changes of climate, fierce sun and pitiless rain, heart-breaking sprints, incredible exertions on mountainous passes, and day after day spent in the same position on the saddle. I have sympathized with them, sick and overwrought, pursuing their superhuman task, over all obstacles, all disappointments, all accidents. I have seen them, when a puncture declares itself at a most inopportune moment, burst into tears by the roadside—but, after an instant of discouragement, set to work to repair the damage, and then desperately endeavour to overtake their rivals who are out of sight. I have seen them, seriously injured, insisting, as soon as first aid is given, on being allowed to remount and arrive at the appointed town before the appointed time, in the hope that next day they will be well enough to make up for the precious minutes they have lost.

There is certainly no sport which is so gruelling as this. It needs a stout heart as well as physical vigour to plod on over every kind of road day after day, feverish, sore, scorched, frozen, keeping on the move despite an unhappy stomach ache (one of the most redoubtable of their enemies!) or a dislocated shoulder or an injured kneecap. And perhaps one of the group has gained a lead of a good half hour at the Pyrenees, and there is little prospect of overtaking him unless he has a bad fall or a particularly severe stomach ache. Yet there can be no giving up till the circuit is completed and the Parc des Princes in the Bois de Boulogne is again reached.

Nevertheless, although they display heroism which may be thought worthy of a better cause, there are always criticisms. It would appear that they have entered into a kind of tacit conspiracy to pedal comparatively slowly on a smooth stretch of road—to make a promenade instead of a race. Personally, I should not blame them for slowing up occasionally and proceeding according to arrangement. But the organizers and the connoisseurs think differently. There must be no respite. They must be always trying. So the rules are altered nearly every year to make it more difficult for the contestants to let up for short periods.

For that matter, the contestants themselves, however much they would like to go easy, cannot really fix a common programme. There is always one of them who, observing that the others are crawling, will take it into his head to escape. Sometimes the others will smile grimly, knowing that after a few miles of breakneck pace the would-be leader will droop. He will be exhausted. Finding himself alone, his speed will inevitably slacken. The others, without any special effort, will overtake him, and he will be lucky if he does not find himself well in the rear.

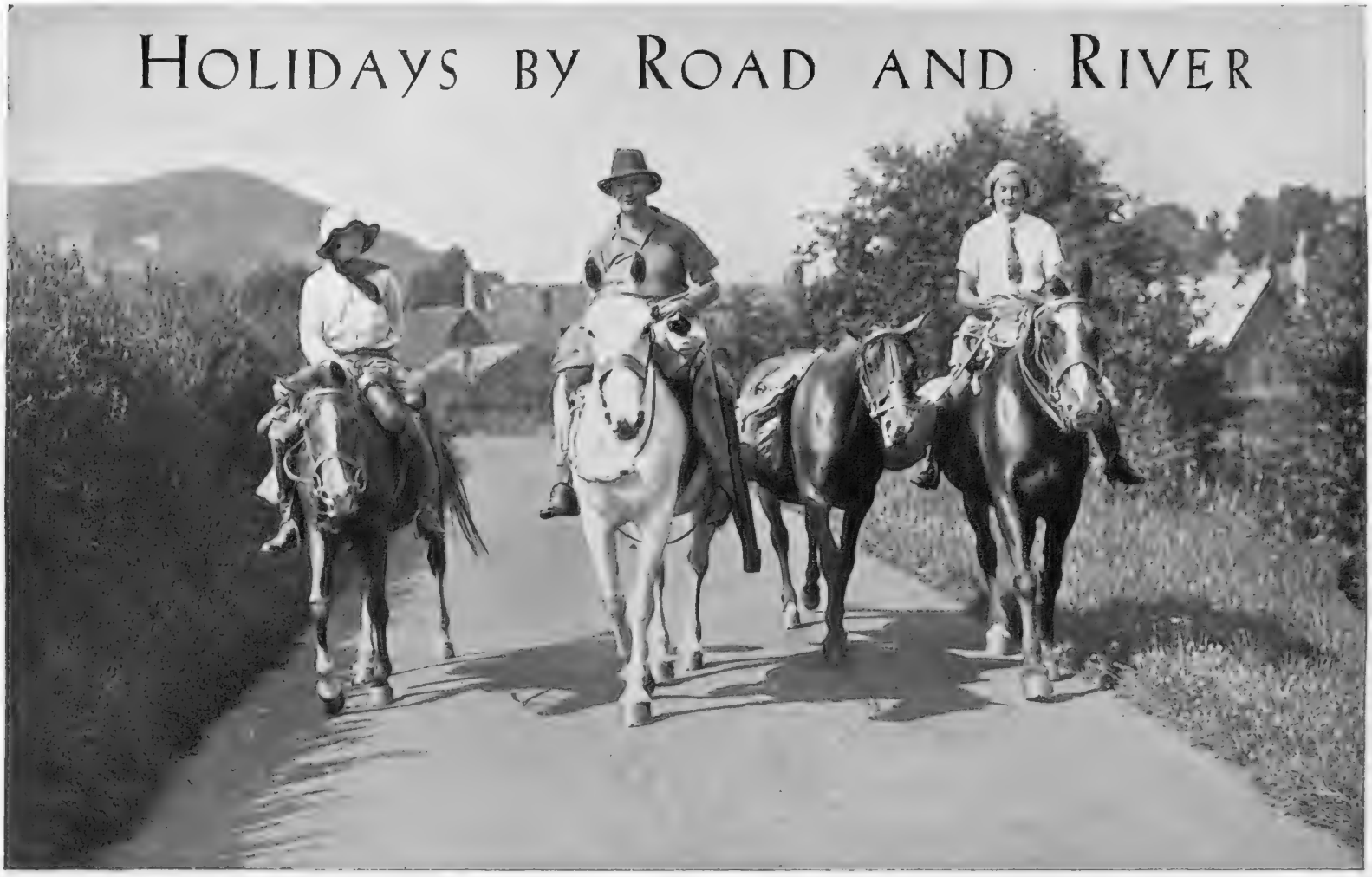
Yet now and again the attempt becomes more serious, and it is necessary to give chase. Then they will all go, ding-dong, for many miles and reach the stage absolutely worn out.

There are two groups among these eighty cyclists. There are the aces and the individuals. The aces form five national teams composed of eight men—Belgians, Italians, Germans, Swiss, and French.

(Continued on p. 160)

BREAKDOWN: M. Rousse, the famous Belgian cyclist, wheels his machine from the road after being compelled, through fatigue, to retire from the contest

HOLIDAYS BY ROAD AND RIVER



ON HORSEBACK TO SOUTH WALES: Mr. and Mrs. W. Lavington of Bracknell, Berkshire, are spending their holiday this year on a riding tour to Brecon and the Beacons. Accompanied by a pack horse, for carrying their kit, they have been following the lanes and by-ways during their journey, thus avoiding the perils of the tarmac and gaining an entirely new view of the country. They are seen near the Welsh border at Ross-on-Wye

A HOME FROM HOME: A modern luxury caravan on the main London–Cheltenham road

WARMED IN THE SUN, REFRESHED BY THE BREEZE: A holiday study of the captain and crew of a nimble canvas sailing craft

GOSSIP IN THE PIGGERY: An amusing farmyard picture from Barling, Essex—a county admirably adapted for pig raising and where the industry continues to make rapid strides

"WELL I NEVER!": A study in farmyard intelligence from Barling, Essex

PIG FARMING TO-DAY

While agriculture languishes all over the world and the granaries of Canada and America are piled high with surplus wheat, there remains at least one branch of the farming industry that for many is yielding a return which, even in good times, would be regarded as highly satisfactory. That industry is pig raising.

Perhaps the most outstanding instance of a country that has profited from this pursuit is provided by Denmark. Scientific methods of raising, combined with a flair for marketing, have placed the nation in an enviable position among the world's producers. To-day Denmark dominates the market and is duly reaping the rewards of her enterprise.

Ireland, too, has during the post-War years seized her opportunity. Under the administration of President Cosgrave her farming community prospered, and duly benefited a nation which otherwise would have felt far more severely the disastrous effects of the World War. Of late, this happy position has unfortunately not been maintained. President de Valera and his Fianna Fail Government have defied Britain, and the ensuing contretemps, and its attendant reprisals, have placed Ireland's export market in a position that is causing the gravest concern among farmers and breeders. For during the first six months of 1933 Irish bacon exports have not only declined by over 20,000 cwt. as compared with the figures for the corresponding period of last year, but, in addition, pig raisers have only been able to market with the help of a substantial Government bounty. When matters, however, are once again righted, there is no doubt that the bacon industry, in common with the rest, will forge ahead on the same successful scale as hitherto.

The questions arise, "Where does Britain stand in relation to this great potential market?" "What are our farmers doing to combat the lower priced bacon exports of their foreign competitors?"

Many, of course, are all too ready to condemn the British producer for his lethargy and lack of enterprise. Of recent years he has become a popular target. Actually, however, pig farming in this country stands on a very high level indeed. Climatic conditions are excellent for the raising of good stock, and the men engaged in the industry are for the most part experienced and go ahead. It must be admitted that the Danish exports to the United Kingdom far exceed our own home production.

Denmark actually sends over about 360,000 tons of pig-meat annually, while the British farmer only supplies about 300,000 tons.

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STAGE FRIGHT: Rounding up a recalcitrant entrant at an Agricultural Show

A PRIZE-WINNING LITTER: Seen at the recent Hertfordshire Agricultural Show

HOW AMERICA DOES IT: Self-feeders on a Middle Western pig farm. The two machines contain corn

A RUMANIAN PEASANT WOMAN feeding her prize sow and its litter. Since the War there has been a vast increase in pig raising in the provinces of Transylvania and Moldavia

BRITAIN'S DOCKS LEAD THE WORLD

(1) Southampton's Great Effort

THE WORLD'S LARGEST GRAVING DOCK IN THE MAKING: The towering concrete walls of the new structure which has been designed to accommodate the 70,000-ton Cunarder, now on the stocks in Glasgow. Its dimensions are: Length 1,200 ft., width 135–165 ft., depth 45 to 48½ ft. The walls are largely constructed of common concrete, but reinforcing has been introduced to deal with special tensile stresses

AN AERIAL VIEW showing the approach to the Graving Dock. The entrance has now been closed by a sliding caisson which was built on a slipway on the Tees. It was completed and launched in the middle of April and towed down the coast to Southampton. During the twenty-one months from June 30, 1931, to March 31 of this year, over 1,250,000 cubic yards of material were removed from the site. The excavated gravel was used in the making of concrete. Altogether twenty-three steam cranes and ten electric derrick cranes, with lifting capacities ranging from five to fifteen tons, were employed in the work

THE DOCK COMPLETED: Thousands of gallons of water pouring into the newly constructed basin. This operation occupied nearly seventy hours as it was necessary to pump the water from the neighbouring river Test. The opening ceremony has been officially fixed for July 26 when the King will sail into the dock in the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*

WHERE OCEAN GREYHOUNDS MOOR: A section of the great Southampton Docks. The new extensions will include eight new berths equipped with the necessary passenger and cargo sheds. Increased facilities for road and rail access are also being provided

DOCKLAND TO-DAY: The bowsprit of a giant sailing vessel dominating the little houses of the port. Of all the sights of London the docks are still, in spite of steam, the most picturesque and unchanged

A NEW WAY TO

Increased Facilities for Road Tran

SPANNING THE RIVER LEA: A and the old iron structure, with now been

CANNING TOWN VIADUCT IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION: Workmen engaged in erecting the supports over which the main London-Dockland highway will run. A large number of houses have had to be demolished to make room for the road, which is being made as wide as possible in order to facilitate the rapid transit of heavy commercial vehicles

LINKING LONDON

The New Canning

London has throughout its history been a centre of commerce. Natural advantages and the inherent spirit of adventure and trading instincts of her people have made the capital a world mart and a world centre of distribution. To-day, in spite of the depression, the Port continues to flourish and, what is more vital still, to develop. For years now railway communication with the docks has been excellent. The manufacturing centres of the North, the West, and the Midlands have found the quaysides as accessible and as accommodating as they could wish. Road traffic, however, has of late years rivalled the railways, and much of the cargo destined for the docks now travels by lorry. With this in mind the authorities are putting into operation a scheme whereby the docks shall become equally as easy of access by road.

In fact a new and more direct highway is being built from the City to the quayside of the Royal Victoria and Albert and King George V Docks. The cost of the entire work is estimated at £2,518,000. Out of this the Road Fund is contributing £1,888,000, while the remaining balance of £630,000 is being provided by local authorities throughout the South-east of England in the following amounts: London County Council, £425,000; City Corporation, £60,000; Middlesex County Council, £50,000; Essex County Council, £27,000; West Ham

LONDON'S DOCKS

port from Factory to Steamer

view of the new Canning Town Bridge its awkward approaches, which has displaced

THE FOCAL POINT OF BRITAIN'S WORLD EXPORT TRADE: A busy scene during the loading of a cargo vessel at the London docks. Most of the quays are connected with the main railway systems of the country, thus providing manufacturers with a means of rapid transit between factory and steamer

AND DOCKLAND

Town Bridge

Corporation, £20,000; Surrey County Council, £20,000; Kent County Council, £10,000; Hertfordshire County Council, £6,500; East Ham Corporation, £5,000; Croydon Corporation, £4,000, and Buckinghamshire County Council, £2,500.

The most vital link in the whole scheme is the new bridge at Canning Town. The old iron structure which spans the River Lea at this point has for many years past been a serious hindrance to heavy road traffic. With its awkward bends and steep gradients it was rapidly becoming both inconvenient and dangerous. The new bridge, however, has none of these disadvantages, and, with its wide roadway, will allow of a constant stream of heavy vehicles passing both to and from the docks. In addition to this nearly four miles of new highway are to be constructed, while sections of the East India Dock Road are to be widened to 84 feet. Naturally, the whole scheme is most complicated. Densely populated areas are being traversed by the new road and more than a few householders have had to be displaced. Ultimately, however, the importance of this vital link between London and her docks will be found to have been worth many times its cost. When that hoped-for trade revival at length makes itself felt, the manufacturers of the metropolis will have good reason to thank the administrators of their affairs, who have looked ahead, and placed them within easy reach of their main outlet to the all-important overseas market.

Aerofilms

THE ROYAL VICTORIA AND ALBERT AND KING GEORGE V DOCKS: The largest of the five dock systems in the Port of London, comprising a total area of 1,102½ acres. The object of the new highway, described on this page, is to allow of speedier communication between the City and the loading warehouses

MECHANICAL

A THRILLING "ROUND-THE-HOUSES" RACE IN THE ISLE OF MAN: Of the fourteen starters in this unusual 230-mile contest through the streets of Douglas only two managed to finish the course within the prescribed time. In the left-hand picture J. L. Ford (No. 12) and E. L. Gardner are seen taking the difficult bend at Church Road corner. *Centre*—Sir Claude Hill, Governor of the Isle of Man, chatting with one of the competitors. *Right*—A general view of the race in progress. The winner was Mr. F. W. Dixon, who completed the course in 4 hrs. 13 mins. at an average speed of 54.41 m.p.h. His car was a 1,089 c.c. Riley

AN INNOVATION ON THE FRENCH RAILWAYS: One of the new auto-rail motors exhibited recently at the Gare St. Lazare, Paris. A feature of this type of motor is its outstandingly low running cost

THE SCREW DISPLACED: A stern view of the passenger vessel *Kempten* showing her Voith-Schneider propelling apparatus. The vessel, which is to be used on Lake Constance, is driven forward by the feathering of vertical blades

A Novel Method of Ship Propulsion

For vessels plying in shallow water the ordinary method of screw propulsion has many disadvantages. The picture at the foot of this page illustrates how the German vessel, *Kempten*, has been fitted with an entirely new type of apparatus, which many believe will revolutionize traffic on the lake systems of the world. This neither includes a screw propeller nor a paddle-wheel with a horizontal axis.

Instead, it is equipped with a paddle-wheel with a vertical axis and blades which are arranged to be always wholly immersed in the water and which are feathered in such a manner that they have an impelling action upon the vessel. By means of ingenious mechanism the feathering is employed for regulating the speed of the boat, and also for varying and reversing its direction, thus obviating the necessity for a rudder.

This type of propelling apparatus appears to have been invented some twenty years ago, but difficulties of construction have interfered with its practical application until quite recently. The overcoming of these obstacles was largely assisted by experiments carried out on rotating blades in relation to turbines. It will be interesting to see to what extent the Voith-Schneider system will be generally adopted in the future.

In the Petrol-Driven World

MODERN MOTORING TYPES

COMPETING AGAINST MEN: Women now have an opportunity of trying conclusions against the famous crack drivers—one short handicap at each Brooklands Automobile Racing Club meeting being open to competitors of either sex. Miss E. Ellison, a prominent woman driver on the track, is seen pushing her car to the start of a race

WOMEN TO THE FORE: Miss Hedges, Miss Ostrich, Miss Allan, and Mrs. K. Petre discussing the day's programme before taking part in a recent Brooklands meeting. If the women continue to prove successful, many races, now confined to men, are likely to be opened for general competition

FINAL ADJUSTMENTS: Miss Pat Naismith preparing Mr. Hall Caine's Salmson for an experimental run round the track

A SUCCESSFUL DESIGNER

Mr. F. G. Miles in the cockpit of the "Miles" Hawk—an efficient and inexpensive craft for the amateur

AND HIS LATEST PRODUCTION

AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND: Mr. C. T. Ulm after his arrival at Heston from Australia. Mishaps on the concluding stages of the flight robbed him of the Australia-England record

AN AIR-MINDED FILM STAR

Miss Betty Astell adjusting her helmet before going up for a flight at Broxbourne Aerodrome — headquarters of the Films Flying Club

ACTIVITIES

In the Petrol-Driven World — (II)

THE AIR

A GIPSY MOTH

One of Britain's most popular machines for the private flyer

IN THE AIR

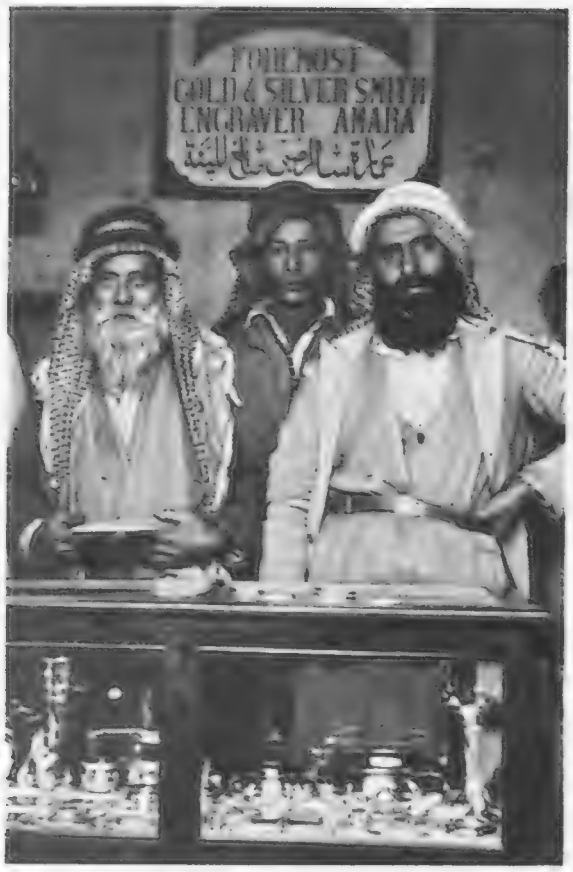
A woman member of the well-known Weybridge Club about to take the air

AT BROOKLANDS

Mrs. Adey with her two-months-old baby arriving at Croydon after a 4,000 mile flight from Basra

"AND BABY MAKES THREE"

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WARWICK boarding an Imperial Airways 'plane at Croydon where they left for the Continent after their wedding last week. The back draught from the propeller gave the Countess a little difficulty with her skirts



MERCHANTS OF BAGHDAD: These Amara silver workers, who never shave their beards, claim that they can trace their descent from John the Baptist

SEEN IN IRAQ'S PICTURESQUE CAPITAL: An Arab woman and her baby riding on a white donkey through the outskirts of Baghdad

BRITAIN CREATES A KINGDOM

Iraq: Where Our Administrators have made Order out of Chaos and Placed a United Arab Nation in the Hands of King Feisal

Critics of British Empire building must have watched the processional of King Feisal of Iraq through the streets of London with mixed feelings. This King and his kingdom cost the British taxpayer more than £51,000,000, and now, after ten years' mandate under the League of Nations, that same British taxpayer has handed a great Arab State over to the King whom Lawrence discovered with a handful of followers in desert exile.

The Britisher in Iraq has been the most criticized of all administrators. That criticism has been more powerful at home than it was in the Middle East. But now that Iraq has become Empire conscious, it might be worth considering, dispassionately, what the Britisher has done for Iraq.

When Britain took over the country it was in a state of complete disorganization. There was no money; there was no King. Baghdad was a city of hovels, where any modern Haroun al Raschid walked at night in fear of death in the darkness. Within the next ten years, such was the work of the British experts, the country's finances were in excellent state. While most countries in Europe groan beneath heavy debts, Iraq is solvent, has no public debt, and has decided not to create any.

Foreign capital has developed the marvellous oil resources of Iraq. That oil provides the present Government with a source of revenue that constantly increases. The royalties, which the Iraq Petroleum Company and the Mosul Oil Development Company are paying annually to the Baghdad Treasury, are sufficient to provide for all the necessary public works and development schemes that are shortly to be undertaken.

Baghdad, itself, has been transformed. Big buildings now overshadow the huts. Where the flying carpet of Scheherazade once flew now drone the big air liners of three great commercial concerns—Imperial Airways, the French Air Union, and the Dutch K.L.M. Baghdad is the inevitable air Clapham Junction of the Middle East, and its geographical position makes it of even greater future importance.

It is at Hinaidi, outside Baghdad, that a few R.A.F. squadrons are still in reserve to help police the borders and the country from Bedouin brigandage. Under the treaty these air squadrons remain in the country for the sole purpose of maintaining British communications and resisting foreign aggression.

Iraq has already begun the formation of its own Air Force, and several aeroplanes left Hatfield recently for Baghdad. This Air Force is under the leadership of British officers, who, temporarily, intend to develop the Iraqi into flying men. The country has also formed a defence force of its own, and this again is officered by Britishers. These officers are all paid by the Iraq Government, and subject to their commands.

Among other valuable assets which Iraq acquired from the British occupation were the port of Basra—with its fine wharves and deep-dredged channels permitting ocean going steamers to go ninety miles upstream, and secondly, the railway system with its excellent rolling stock. A further improvement is a nation-wide system of roads and tracks suitable for motor transport, such as had never been known before.

Then the oil companies began their ambitious project of building a pipe line right across the desert to Palestine. The pipe line begins at Kirkuk, near Mosul, and part of it will run through Syria to Tripoli under French control, and the other part to Haifa, in Palestine, under British control. More than 150,000 tons of steel will be used, and the work is expected to last until 1935. When the line is complete it will be possible to ship petrol direct to the European market, thus saving not only hundreds of miles in the voyage from the Persian Gulf, but cutting out the Suez Canal dues.

These assets have made Iraq one of the most powerful countries in the Middle East. King Feisal has to-day a strong nationalist grouping behind him and a growing desire for unity among the various Arab countries—Transjordan, the Hedjaz, and Iraq—for some sort of great Arab State. It was rumoured that King Feisal would ask for a revision of certain conditions in the British-Iraqi Treaty which nationalist feeling in Baghdad would like to see altered. Iraq's present financial position is strong, and will be even stronger this year when her share of the Ottoman Public Debt will be liquidated.

Moreover, King Feisal is a desert politician of the highest calibre. He knows what he wants, has infinite patience, and yet a strong Arab Cabinet behind him. Iraq, as before, comes to Britain for help. Britain has created this powerful Arab State which has now ambitions to become an Empire. Baghdad is waiting to see what King Feisal will bring back from his visit to Britain.

W. J. M.

A DESERT RIDER

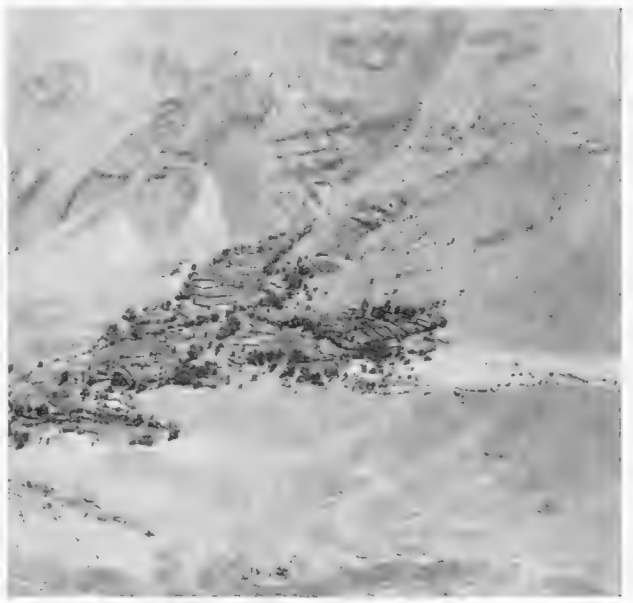
A striking picture taken near the Maude Bridge, Baghdad

AND HIS CHARGER

THE WORLD'S WORST PLATEAU

LOOKING DOWN ON THE GOVANDA PLATEAU: An aerial view illustrating the rugged nature of this district of Kurdistan, which for years has provided a safe place of retreat for recalcitrant Kurdish tribes

A STORM CENTRE OF THE MIDDLE EAST: Another aerial view of the Govanda Plateau. After long years of indecisive guerilla warfare the Royal Air Force, aided by Iraqi air and ground detachments, finally succeeded in securing the surrender of Sheikh Ahmed of Barzan, who had made this almost impenetrable spot the headquarters of his anti-British campaign



THE VILLAGE OF ARGOSH: A typical hill village seen from above the western slopes of the plateau. Note the clearly demarcated line of cultivation

PACK HORSES making their way along a precipitous mountain path near Zhazhok

The part that aviation can play in modern warfare finds no better illustration than in the recent activities of the Royal Air Force in Kurdistan. For years Sheikh Ahmed of Barzan had defied the administration from the fastnesses of the almost impassable Govanda Plateau. A well planned and brilliantly executed offensive, involving the co-operation of the British and Iraqi Air Force, finally, however, brought the recalcitrant Sheikh to book. At the end of March of this year an army column was trapped in the hills near Birisia; their position was one of the gravest peril. Their transport column had been intercepted and it seemed that only a miracle could save them. Airmen on reconnaissance duty, however, recognized the plight of the column and in a few hours British and Iraqi fighting machines counter attacked from a low altitude. Before dusk the rebel forces were in flight. On the following days the ground column received food and ammunition dropped by parachute. Thanks to these measures they were able to re-form and march to their appointed destination at Zhazhok. Although meeting with further opposition the column was closely guarded by the attendant 'planes. By this time the Sheikh had seen the wisdom of capitulating in the face of almost overwhelming odds, and soon after withdrew across the Turkish border and surrendered

AN ATTACKING COLUMN in the rugged country of the Govanda Plateau

By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries

"GOING TO THE CITY": From the picture by James Tissot painted when the horse and the hansom were in the heyday of their usefulness

SHOULD the HORSE Vanish from the STREETS?

How the Lumbering Slowness of the Horse-Drawn Vehicle is Seriously Impeding the Progress of Other and Faster Traffic: A Point of View

By CHARLES GRAVES

The horse has been the friend of man since time immemorial. But in the past twenty years he has become a confounded nuisance to men, women, and transport in our great cities like London. Nobody is more fond than I of the spanking grey mare between the shafts of one of the last seven hansom cabs which has so often drawn me through the cool night air of London when traffic has ebbed after midnight. But the lumbering slowness of the average horse-drawn vehicle in the crowded streets of London costs the community many millions a year. The average speed of a horse-drawn vehicle is four miles an hour; that of a motor omnibus is seven-and-a-quarter miles an hour; and that of a private car is ten miles an hour—in London. And three-quarters of the reason for the slowness of the last two speeds is the presence of the horse in the streets. It is not even as if the drivers of the horses kept rigidly to the kerb on the left. And when they have to move out they stay out.

It is a real irony, as the A.A. people point out to you, that the Highway Code which is sent to all motorists is not given to the people who need it most—the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles. When I asked Lord Ashfield himself how much the slowness of horse traffic cost his companies in petrol he said that he had no idea—but it was a fabulous amount. "The important thing for you to emphasize," he said, "is the need for a continuous flow of traffic at a uniform speed—and the higher the better." A few weeks ago he delivered a speech on the problem of London passenger transport throughout the area within a radius of approximately twenty-five miles of Charing Cross. This has a population of over 9,000,000 people. As he pointed out, it is one of the four great ports of the world. The total tonnage using the Port of London in 1932 was 54,000,000, and the value of the merchandise entered and cleared each year is valued at £500,000,000. Moreover, there are 32,000 factories and 22,000 workshops in the area, and so far the only thing that has been done to combat the drug of horse traffic is to prohibit it in Oxford Street between the hours of noon and 7 p.m.! Even then there is an exception to the rule, for they are still permitted if they are proceeding to premises inside a prescribed area.

"This problem of the slower vehicle moving in the midst of motor traffic"—I quote Lord Ashfield—"is a very serious one, whether regarded from the point of view of the public safety, or from that of the economical use of the vast expenditure involved in providing the street space. If a horse-drawn vehicle capable of a maximum speed of four miles per hour passes some obstruction, such as a standing vehicle, in a street only wide enough to take two lines of traffic in each direction, it is clear that the mere act of its passing will hamper the movement of the whole of the following traffic and this constitutes a danger as well as an economic waste."

On this subject an official at the Automobile Association went as far as to say that he thought horse-drawn traffic ought to be prohibited in all streets that were only 20 ft. wide or less. He instanced Wardour Street and Whitcombe Street as being a couple within only a few yards of the A.A. headquarters in Coventry Street where we were talking.

"We are not troubling to ask for any special regulations about horse-drawn traffic," he said, "because every year it is diminishing fairly rapidly in bulk." This decrease has also been noticed by the trace-horse man of the Dumb Friends League stationed at Hyde Park Corner. "Horse traffic," he says, "is nothing like what it was twenty-five years ago." Roger, his trace-horse, gives a helping haul to the heavily-laden carts going up Piccadilly. It is only in the small hours of the morning when traffic is light that one realizes what a gradient it is up to the Ritz Hotel from Down Street—moreover, it is a slippery one, the road surface being meant for motor vehicles.

Indeed, one can argue the desirability of prohibiting horse traffic in the central area of London from the point of view of kindness to the horses involved just as much as from that of the nuisance they create. Pulling up and starting again every few moments must involve a tremendous strain on the stoutest cart-horse. Besides, they are all the time exposed to the poisonous fumes of petrol which emanate from countless exhaust pipes. Not long ago at the British Medical Association a paper was read by a learned specialist who attributed a great deal of cancer of the lung to petrol fumes. Not long ago, too, I saw one of the statistical experts at the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company who told me that the increased skill of the medical profession only partially counteracted the appalling increase in deaths accelerated by petrol fumes.

What is to stop one presuming, therefore, that petrol fumes are just as fatal to horses as they are to human beings? Perhaps some veterinary surgeon will come forward and say that horses are no more immune than humans.

At the Ministry of Transport they are perforce non-committal when the official view on horse traffic in the great cities is solicited. It is pointed out that the Ministry of Agriculture is part of the Government just as much as the Ministry of Transport, and one could hardly expect the latter to approve the prohibition of the horse when this would militate against the interests of farmers — both those who breed horses and those who grow oats. In any case, they may ask you, is it not problematic whether much of the rushing about in motor cars in London is really necessary? Not even the Ministry of Transport, however, can deny that east of Fenchurch Street towards the docks the overwhelming preference for the horse over the motor as a medium of transport has slowed down the rate of the traffic to a point where it is costing the community millions of pounds a year, directly and indirectly.

It is the docks and the railway companies which are largely responsible for the slow traffic in London. Their horse-drawn vehicles move sluggishly in all directions—to the City, to the West End—everywhere. It is extraordinary that the total number of vehicles passing Hyde Park Corner during the twelve hours between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. has only increased from 37,000 in 1912 to 63,000 in 1931; that at Trafalgar Square the increase is only from 32,000 to 57,000; at Piccadilly Circus from 36,000 to 44,000; and at Oxford Circus from 25,000 to 33,000. The retarding influence of the horse is again evident.

The signal lights, with the exception of Trafalgar Square where they are vehicular-actuated, are all based on a pre-calculated speed for the general traffic. This speed in turn is affected by the knowledge that there will be a certain amount of horse traffic. But the trouble with horse traffic is that it cannot accelerate like motor traffic, and if a horse jibs or stumbles, it may not succeed in passing the point between the lights. This is particularly true of the lights across Oxford Street leading into Portman Street. Only a very few seconds are allowed to cross those points and I, like many others, have been held up time and again.

Just a year ago really serious efforts were made to curtail the horses from the streets of London, but nothing came of it. The agitation was the result of a statement by the General Purposes Committee of the London County Council to the effect that "it would not violate a principle if a direct charge were put on horse-drawn vehicles." This committee pointed out that 12 per cent. of the heavy vehicles passing through the Thames tunnels were horse-drawn vans, and that in Rotherhithe Tunnel particularly it was very seldom indeed that motor traffic could run at all freely. The committee went on to say that if the abolition of the horse were postponed, it would be a retrograde step.

The railway companies, when asked their opinion, said that between them they had 14,500 horses, which was a drop of 4,000 in four years. Carter Paterson's said that they had 1,030, but that this number was lessening every day. The Society of Brewers said that drastic cuts in the number of horses employed was being applied. Last March there were tearful accounts of the dismissal of the last forty-seven horses of the Camberwell Borough Council.

Although it is only seldom that sentiment and business can go hand in hand, this is surely one of the occasions. If the horse is removed from the London streets he will be taken away from the strain of moving forward and stopping every few feet with a jerk, and he will no longer be exposed to the fumes of the petrol. From the point of view of business, it will make millions of pounds' worth of difference to the public. People do not realize the indirect cost arising from the slowness of the transit of the traffic—costs which are piled on to production and then passed on to the public.

One thing is certain. The situation has become almost intolerable when you realize that a motor omnibus to-day takes as long to get from Paddington to the Bank as a horse omnibus did in 1829

AN EQUINE STRONGHOLD: Two sturdy van horses enjoying their midday meal at Covent Garden. The motor lorry is gaining ground only very slowly as a means of transport for market produce

S.O.S.

A NEW LIFE-BOAT FOR THE CORNISH COAST: The R.N.L.B., *Caroline Parsons*, in the picturesque harbour of St. Ives on the day of the christening ceremony. The new boat is named after the donor

A SPECTACULAR LAUNCHING: The *Admiral Sir George Back*, Newquay's new life-boat, entering the water for the first time. The boat nose-dived into the sea with unexpected violence, but soon righted herself. Eight horses were required to tow her back to the shed up one of the steepest slipways on the Cornish coast

OUT IN ALL WEATHERS: A life-boat puts to sea in a raging gale

The Royal National Life-boat Institution has now been engaged in the work of rescue at sea for over 109 years. During that time some 63,000 lives have been saved by the Service, which provides and maintains its boats round the whole 5,000 miles of coast of Great Britain and Ireland. This is the Institution's record for 1932: 337 launches to vessels in distress, 354 rescues by life-boat, 41 lives saved in other ways, 54 boats and vessels saved from wreck or helped to safety, £48,045 spent on rewards, fees, and pensions to coxswains and crews, and £98,000 spent on building and repairing life-boats, boat-houses, slipways, launching-tractors, etc. A truly magnificent achievement

LONDON'S GREAT MA

THE TOWER OF THE NEW MASONIC PEACE MEMORIAL: A striking feature of the immense building which now dominates the Long Acre district

THE FOCAL POINT OF THE MASONIC MEMORIAL: The vast temple occupying the central portion of the new building where 2,000 members of the Craft will be able to gather at one time. This illustration is taken from the architectural drawings of H. V. Ashley and Winton Newman. *Right above*—Another view of the Temple

THE BRONZE DOORWAY OF THE TEMPLE: These magnificently wrought inner panels symbolize the spiritual as opposed to the material life. The intricate relief figures represent angelic beings

Solomon's Temple Rises Again

After the War, the Duke of Connaught put forward the suggestion that the Masonic craft should raise some fitting War memorial. This week, fourteen years later, with due solemnity and masonic ritual, the Duke, as Grand Master, dedicates the magnificent memorial that is the concrete expression of his own idea and of the sentiments of Freemasons the world over.

In 1924, when funds were assured, an architects' competition was promoted. Ninety-four designs were received, and the committee, of which Sir Edwin Lutyens was a member, selected that of Messrs. H. V. Ashley and Winton Newman.

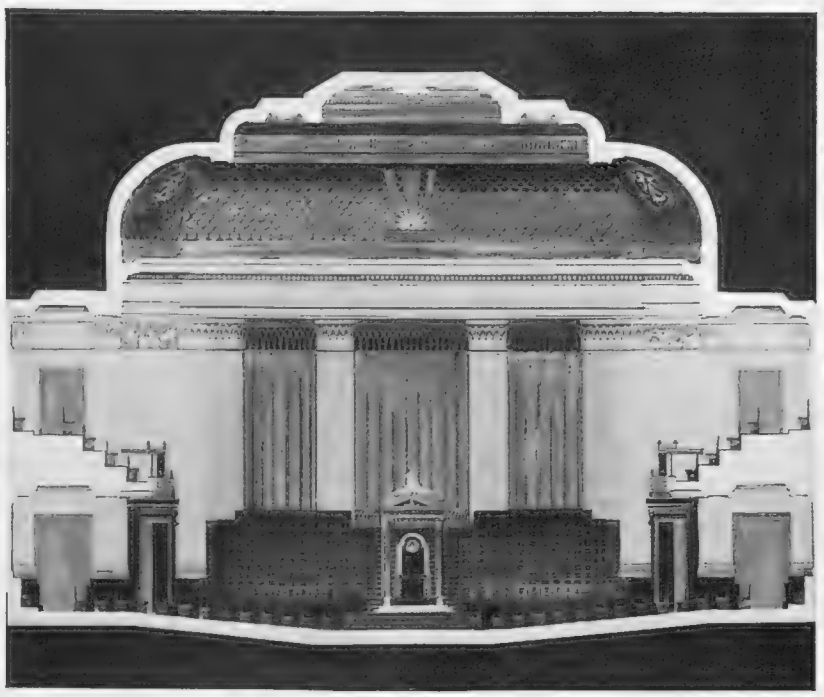
The great building, midway between Kingsway and Long Acre, like Solomon's Temple of old, took just seven years to build. Everywhere, in fact, this modern masterpiece of the architect's art challenges comparison with the Temple of Solomon. For just as the stone of Solomon's Temple "was made ready before it was brought thither," so were the Portland stone and the marbles of Botticino, Isti, Onyx and Ashburton made ready before being brought to Long Acre.

We are told, too, how Solomon also "built chambers round about . . . both of the temple and the oracle" and here, once more, the dignified and scholarly Masonic Peace Memorial can show a temple ringed round by the white walls of its rectangular courtyard and flanked upon all sides by "chambers."

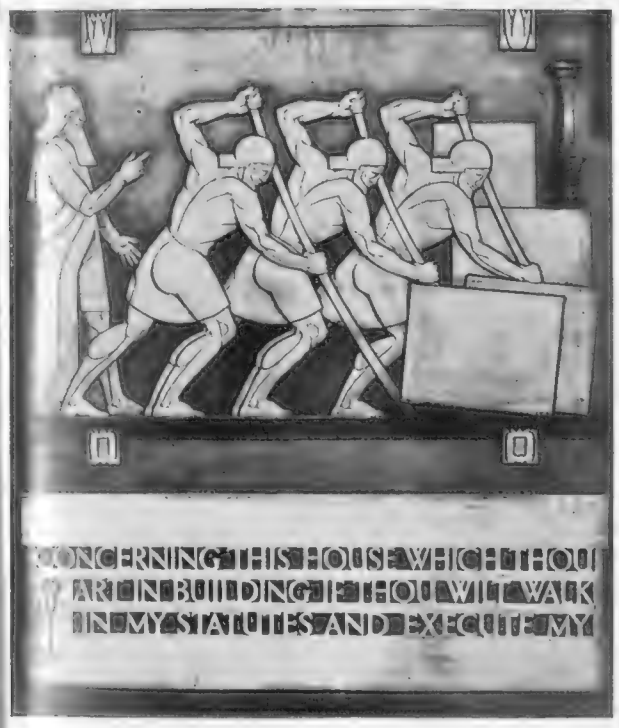
True to masonic tradition, the new Peace Memorial is rich in the symbolism of the craft. The motif that gives coherence and harmony to the whole is struck already by the bas-relief above the main entrance. It is repeated in the exquisite stained-glass windows that filter the soft London light, by the mosaics of marble floors, the bas-reliefs of huge bronze doors on walls and many-coloured ceilings.

(*Continued on opposite column*)

SONIC PEACE MEMORIAL



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England



A REMARKABLE RELIEF on the outside panels of the main door depicting the building of Solomon's Temple and symbolizing the Labour of Man

AN IMPOSING ENTRANCE HALL: The bronze screen and gates in the main hall beneath the central tower. The Masonic motif can be traced even in the flooring design

The Great Temple, which occupies the central court about which the main building is constructed, is rich in a many-coloured splendour of blue and gold and white. A gold star shines from the blue of the high ceiling which is supported by a mosaic cove of blue and gold.

This magnificent temple, with seating for 2,000, in extravagance of embellishment is reminiscent of the throne room of the Castle of Nieuschwannstein, built by Ludwig II of Bavaria, in the Bavarian hills. The building houses, in addition, fifteen smaller temples with accommodation for from fifty to 350 people. Each one is of distinctive architectural design.

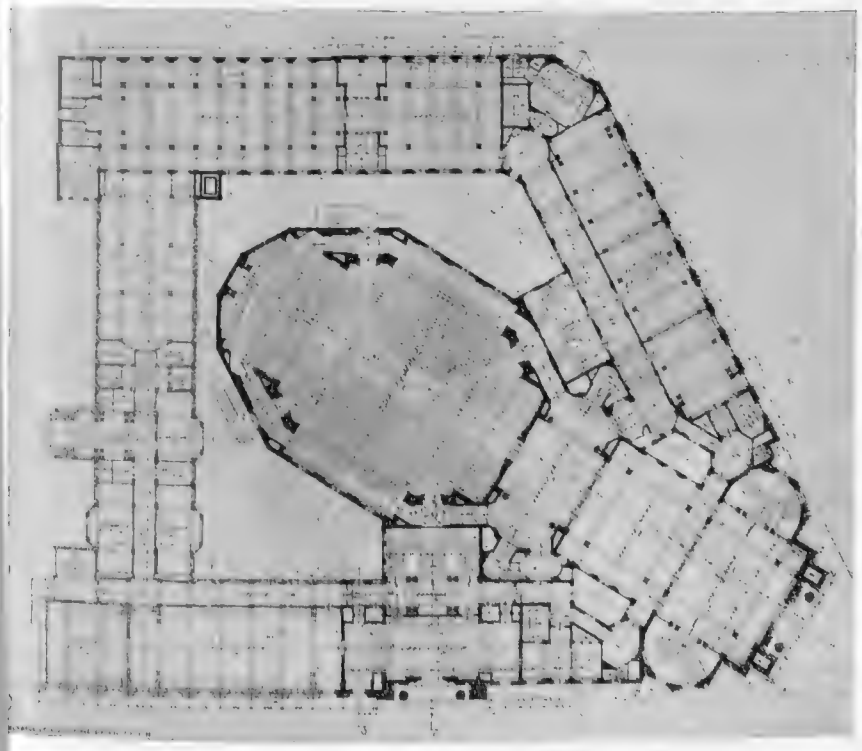
There are, also, administrative offices for every executive function of the craft, including a masonic museum, library, and reading and writing rooms.

In this monolithic pile, that to-day stands obscured by the narrow streets and mean houses all about it, the Freemasons, as becomes their craft, have erected for all time a cathedral to Freemasonry, a Parliament, and a Whitehall, all beneath a single roof.

For seven years 700 men have worked on the structure, and another 700 craftsmen have laboured up and down the country to decorate it as it stands to-day. The total cost has been more than £1,000,000 sterling, and the whole amount has been subscribed freely by Freemasons. The names of those lodges whose members have subscribed a minimum of 10 guineas are recorded as "Hallstone" lodges on mural panels inside the building.

It is of interest that the old Connaught Rooms and the old dining-hall are not to be scrapped. Only the old temple goes, and from the windows of the new building the workmen may be seen engaged upon the demolition.

As an architectural feat, since the site is an exceedingly awkward one, the great Masonic Peace Memorial is clearly outstanding. That it is a thing of beauty which adds to the architectural treasures of the capital anyone can ascertain by inspecting the massive white exterior that rises so dramatically from the surrounding neighbourhood of old and decrepit property.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF THE MEMORIAL: In addition to the temple the new building houses some fifteen smaller shrines, each with accommodation for from fifty to 350 members of the craft

IN MEMORIAM: A stained glass window in honour of the Masons who fell in the Great War

LEONORA CORBETT as Lola in A. A. Milne's play, *Other People's Lives*, which began its run at Wyndham's last week

PLAYS and

By PHILIP PAGE

The popularity of the ballet season — now, alas! in its last week at the Alhambra — is almost unprecedented, but not, I think, surprising. Indeed, it is the most natural development. The London season is not yet over, and the London season demands at least one large theatre where the entertainment is both spectacular and artistic. No impresario can possibly fail if he provides this and sees to it that the quality is good. Covent Garden closed its doors after an exceptionally short dose of opera, which drew enormous audiences. That enterprise having come to an end before the season, socially speaking, had got into its stride, patrons were left high and dry, all willing to be dressed up, but with nowhere to go. That eccentric comedian, the late T. E. Dunville, used to arrange for the music of a dance to stop suddenly when he had one leg in mid-air, and then said to the orchestra, "Look how you have left me!" That is a remark which the more eupeptic but not less intelligent section of the London public at this time of year might reasonably have addressed to our purveyors of entertainment generally.

Night after night the Alhambra is packed in every corner, and the prices are not cheap. It is a spacious theatre in which to lounge, which may be one reason why they are going to pull it down. For it is the post-War vogue to build theatres which may be the last word in modern *décor* but have little or no promenading space; their foyer is tiny, and in the intervals their narrow corridors, opaque with cigarette smoke, are thronged with a jostling, choking crowd, fighting their way, in agonizing discomfort, to and from a minute bar. In only a few theatres, Covent Garden and the Alhambra are two of them, can a visit ever become a "function."

And the importance of a function should not be underestimated, and need not be despised. Our fathers and grandfathers were not such fools in this respect as some people seem to consider them. That I give as a hint for the future.

The chief point, however, is that these successors and survivors of the Diaghileff troupe — they are too important to be termed a remnant—are giving London some of the best dancing it has ever seen, and giving it on the grand scale, with a full orchestra, a first-rate conductor in M. Efrem Kurtz, and a *corps de ballet* that is a good deal more than efficient.

As for the principals, M. Massine is dancing and acting also as chief choreographist; M. Woizikowsky is another superb performer; Mlle Danilova is graceful and lovely; and Mlle Riabouchinska is surely one of the greatest dancers in the world.

On my second visit I found two novelties, the chief of them a ballet to the music of Boccherini, a contemporary of Haydn and in style Haydnesque, who spent most of his time in Madrid. *Scuola di Ballo* is based on a Goldoni comedy and is a merry little story of a dancing-master who tries to impose a "dud" dancer on a wealthy patron to whom he has eventually to return his money. The miming is excellent and of the old Italian school—an art which is now almost lost, as anyone who tries to engage a real Harlequin will tell you.

The greater part of the dancing is the classical type at its best. The comedy is supplied by a fine dancer pretending to dance badly on purpose. That is not, I imagine, an easy thing for those to whom grace and technical perfection are second nature. It is not overdone.

Jeux d'Enfants is another toy-shop ballet. There are novel touches in it; but I am rather tired of ballets in which toys come to life. *La Boutique Fantasque* and *Coppelia* have shown us all there is to show here, and there is no room for imitations.

Mlle Riabouchinska as the child who dances with her toys and, with strange precocity, falls in love with some of them is exquisite and startlingly realistic. This is not merely dancing but acting of the first order.

"THE DANCE OF DESTINY": A colourful

ANNA MAY WONG in the new Wyndham film *Tiger Bay*. Miss Wong, for the first time in her career, plays the part of a Chinese woman of culture. Most of her characterizations in the past have represented underworld types

"Other People's Lives."

—*Scuola di Ballo* does with tact and cleverness what Mr. A. A. Milne does clumsily in his new play at Wyndham's, *Other People's Lives*.

The analogy may seem far-fetched. Yet I do not think it is. In the ballet bad dancing is introduced on purpose. Mr. Milne introduces bad dialogue on purpose. That is to say, he shows us a set of pseudo-intellectuals who rattle off twaddle with a literary flavour, until one is exasperated by the affectation of it. That Mr. Milne wanted us to be exasperated by these people, I do not doubt, though some of the time they talk much as Mr. Milne himself writes. But realism of this type is dangerous. A tiny dose of it is sufficient.

In this case, the smugness, the artificiality, the self-conscious education which brings out pat the silly little repartee and the apt quotation pervade the play, nearly all of which is talk.

This set, who have become the cheapest part of the furniture of the Tottenham Court Road, try to help out of their difficulties a shabby, lower-middle-class family, the Tillings, who live in the flat beneath. They do not do this out of sympathy, for they Winnie-the-pooh-pooh every human emotion, but in order to make complacent fun out of the formation of a "Tilling Betterment Society," or something of the sort. That their efforts end in tragedy is not entirely their fault. But the curtain falls as they discuss that tragedy after the fashion of a school debating society.

I found it hard to believe even in the Tillings:

HIPPOLYTA AND HER AMAZONS: Mary Sheridan (*centre*) in a scene from been drawing enormous audiences to

the SCREEN

The Alhambra Packed to Capacity: "Other People's Lives" at Wyndham's—A Play about Pseudo-Intellectuals who Rattle off Twaddle with a Literary Flavour: The Late Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins and his Contribution to the Stage

episode in the popular Alhambra Ballet repertoire

MLLE RIABOUCHINSKA whose exquisite dancing has been one of the highlights of the Alhambra Ballet

...y did not seem to be real people at all, though ... annoying than their neighbours.

Other People's Lives is well acted, but that ...nnot redeem the streams of inane chatter from ...edom. Mr. Charles Carson as a stage parson; ...s Mabel Russell, cheerfully pathetic in a wheeled ...ir; Mr. Louis Goodrich, admirable as a doctor; ... Mr. Maurice Evans as one of the "intellectuals," ... their excellent best for the play. Miss Ellis ...well has my sympathy for having to come ... to the stage and, in a pink frock, talk un...singly for several minutes about absolutely ...hing at all.

"Anthony Hope."—Although Sir Anthony ...pe Hawkins' pen had been idle for some years ...re his death, his passing should not go un...iced since his effect at any rate on one section of the theatre was unmistakable. He did not write musical comedies; but I doubt whether we should have seen any of those glittering productions at Daly's and the Prince of Wales's — *The King of Cadonia* and the rest of them—had it not been for his sentimental and picturesque romances.

What the theatrical costumiers and the purveyors of stage uniforms for that gallant figure (and very good actor), Mr. Bertram Wallis, indirectly owe to Sir Anthony must be considerable. He created Ruritania, of course, and other dramatists were on to it in a flash.

If he was not himself a great dramatist, he was a very efficient one, and it is significant that *Rupert of Hentzau*, which he dramatized on his own, was a far better play than *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which was done in collaboration. And a treasured memory of my early play-going days is of the beautiful Evelyn Millard in *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*.

Orders is Orders is a much better entertainment than the *Fledermaus* film which preceded it at the Tivoli. This is also a case of a film version being an improvement on the stage original, which was seen not long ago at the Shaftesbury.

Much of its excellence is due to the performance of Cyril Maude who, as an elderly colonel, is the production's most valuable asset. Why his name should be advertised in tiny type while the names of Charlotte Greenwood and James Gleason, both of whom over-act sadly, are in big type, is a mystery to me.

I do not pretend to under stand the inner workings of the film world, but I should have thought that the policy of obscuring in this fashion the identity of a distinguished actor who has been well known on both sides of the Atlantic for close on half a century was the last word in foolishness.

Sydney Carroll's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The play has the open-air theatre in Regent's Park

The Merry Monarch.—The work of Pierre Louys, the French novelist, is not much known in this country, with the exception of that rather naughty book *Aphrodite*, and the less naughty and more interesting *La Femme et le Pantin*, which was seen in operatic form at Covent Garden as *Conchita*.

The book on which the film at the Empire Theatre—it has the cumbersome title of *The Merry Monarch and 366 Wives*—has been based was a very delicate satire. In the film is no satire at all and certainly no delicacy. Here is knock-about-farce on an immense and expensive scale, relying for its fun mainly on the mass formation of those platoons of wives. They are a comely collection; but they are made to scream and chatter like angry monkeys. If "sex appeal" was intended it is certainly not achieved, for whenever the gang appeared I found myself wondering how and where one becomes an anchorite.

The subtlety of that great artist, Emile Jannings, is quite wasted on the rôle of King Pausole—a part which could have been played here by any average comedian who is plump enough and who can wear a silk hat and a monocle.

There is, however, a fairly amusing attack on teetotal fanatics and all kinds of puritanism, and the photography is some of the best I have yet seen.

"SECRETS": Mary Pickford in the film presentation of the famous stage play in which she has made a dramatic return to the screen in partnership with Leslie Howard. Her separation from her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, has created a sensation in Hollywood where the couple were generally regarded as the society leaders of the film colony

AN ANGLER'S VICTORY, and the end of a salmon's life story

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

"Fishes," by Louis Roule—A Story for Even the Uninitiated: "Nine Lives," by John Tranum—The Adventures of a Parachutist-Diving to Earth at Over 100 m.p.h.—The Art of the Delayed Drop: "The Remarkable Story of Andrew Swan"

I am no fisherman, although for some twenty years I have practised the art of fiction. There was one occasion in my life when modesty looked like a monstrous deceit. I had accepted an invitation to stay with a gentleman who rented a very expensive salmon fishing. In vain I declared that I had never handled a rod in my life, and had a horror of handling fish. I was arrayed in waders and, rod in hand, conducted by a gillie into the swirling stream, and instructed how to cast a fly. For nearly two weeks the sons and daughters of the house had been flogging the water. Flogging seemed an appropriate word for two weeks' industry, which involved rising at a monstrous hour, or postponing dinner, and resulted in only one small salmon. I must have suffered from beginners' luck, for within half an hour I had hooked a very considerable salmon, and began playing it with acute alarm and excitement. At any moment that powerful fish looked like drowning me in the current, and I filled the air with cries for help. Ultimately the salmon was landed, and I arrived at the house the hero of the party. But nothing I said would make the rest believe that this was my initial effort. It was only at the end of a fishless fortnight that my sheer incompetence was believed. Even after that experience I have not grown fish-minded. I look and wonder at the patience of men waiting behind a rod. The only kind of fishing that has ever filled me with excitement has been tunny fishing which I have seen in Sicily and the Florida Keys. It was with no interest, therefore, that I glanced at *Fishes*, by Louis Roule (Routledge. 12s. 6d.). Little did I guess the delight and wonder that lay in wait for me within the pages of this entrancing book. M. Roule is a professor at the National Museum of Natural History in Paris. It would seem that he has devoted his whole life to the study of fishes, their journeys and migrations. In this book he studies the problem of migration, he follows the salmon from its earliest days, through its ascent of the river, the descent to the sea, the sojourn there, and the summons to return.

He tells us how the shad loves warmth, of the sensitivity of the mackerel, of the astonishing habits of the European eels, who make a wedding journey across the ocean; he makes romance even out of a piece of dried cod. Watching the process of Nature, observing the inexorable laws that govern the customs of these low forms of life, M. Roule, like his famous fellow countryman, M. Fabre, becomes a philosopher. The salmon, having engendered their young, are generally fated to die. "Love in Nature is only a bait to induce the bringing forth of young. It is not an end. If it develops in torture, if it ends in annihilation, this is only a secondary consideration, the means to an end. The first consideration is elsewhere. One must live one's life, not for oneself, but for those who come after. This is the principle of natural morality. The love life of the salmon shows us this principle in action."

Hydrography plays a large part in the study of the migration of fishes. Beneath the Mediterranean there is another world of wonder known to fishes, dark valleys carved out in the depths, abysses plunging thousands and thousands of fathoms beneath the gay feluccas laden with oranges, the liners on their way to the Far East. This sea, enclosed between lands that are temperate or warm, is continually evaporating. It loses more than the rivers bring down to it. Through the bottle neck of the Straits of Gibraltar comes the replenishing ocean. It comes in a surface current, passing along the coast of Algeria. It comes in too great a quantity, and under this current runs another, in the reverse direction, returning to the Atlantic the excess quantity. "The tunnies live in this returning current. Their domain is not topographical but hydrographical. They remain in its waters and follow them, going with them wherever they go. This vast environment is in keeping with their size and profusion."

Like M. Fabre, M. Roule has the gift of simple expression when describing the strange world in which he moves with so much knowledge. Strange journeys, astonishing voyages, honeymoons, courtships, the story of these fills his pages, and he writes of the marvels of the watery world in a highly attractive way so that the attention of the least fish-minded will be held.

The excitement in the pages of *Nine Lives*, by John Tranum (John Hamilton. 8s. 6d.), is of a different order. The author is an adventurous Dane who has wandered about the world performing air stunts. He has thrilled millions of people in all parts of the world and no man ever earned his money with such a dangerous trade. Hollywood made use of him, and he was the unknown hero of the feats in two films, *Wings* and *Hell's Angels*. He has leaped from plane to plane thousands of feet up, he has vaulted from motor cars to 'planes, he has hung on them head down, he has walked along the top of them in flight, he has, in fact, behaved like a complete lunatic, and missed death by inches dozens of times.

The book kills one hoary myth. From childhood I have been brought up in the belief that a man who jumps from any great height, such as the Eiffel Tower or the Clifton Suspension Bridge, is killed by suffocation long before he reaches the earth. On May 24, 1933, at Netheravon, Mr. Tranum set up a record for a delayed drop by parachute by falling from a height of 21,000 feet. He did not open his parachute until he had fallen 17,250 feet. In order to time his opening up, he started his stop watch from the moment of leaving the plane, calculating the speed of his fall. He somersaulted several times for the first mile and then, as these got fewer, found himself in the attitude of a diver, at an angle of forty-five degrees, "The sensations felt while falling are very few. When the parachutist dives away from the 'plane he turns a few somersaults in the air, which become slower and slower the farther he falls. He eventually falls head downwards, perpendicularly or on a slant, according to the shape of his body, and all he is sensible of is the air rushing past his ears and the swelling up of the ground beneath him. After he has dropped about 900 feet he reaches his maximum speed of 119·6 m.p.h. and continues at this speed, and no faster, until his delayed drop is over. Thus the old theory that a man lost consciousness on continued falling was shattered. If a man can travel at 200 m.p.h. horizontally in a racing car, he can certainly travel 119·6 m.p.h. with nothing affecting him." As Mr. Tranum observes, a man could fall forever if there wasn't the certainty of his starving on the way. Falling for a living became Mr. Tranum's chief occupation. He came to Europe and worked as a demonstrator for a parachute manufacturer. At Heston Airport he made seven consecutive jumps in the space of thirty-three minutes.

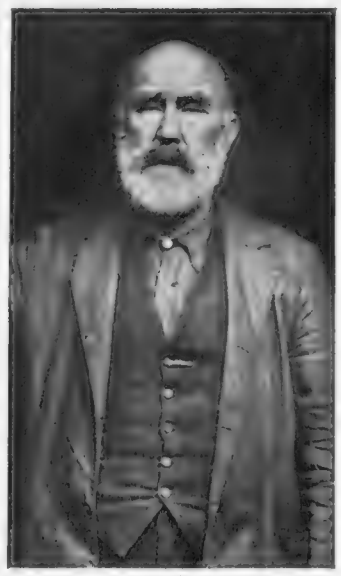
The luck of the parachutist is a strange thing. There was his friend Millar who one day fell into a tree. The tree was in a graveyard. He hung fifteen feet above ground and thought it looked easy after a drop of several thousand feet. So he cut himself away from the chute and the branches and jumped. All round the tree the ground was soft, but he happened to fall in front of a gravestone and, instead of falling forwards, he lost his balance and fell backwards, cracked his head on the stone, and was killed instantly. Sad, too, was the case of his friend whose 'plane fell on to telegraph wires. With great speed he slipped out of the fastening belt and gained the ground, but before he could get clear the 'plane fell and killed him. One of Mr. Tranum's stunts was to ride a motor cycle over a precipice in Colorado. Unlike the attempt of a previous parachutist he landed safely among his friends in the valley, shortly after the ruined motor cycle. Mr. Tranum has scared millions with his tricks, he will charm millions with his tales.

Andrew Swan had been missing from his home in Greenock for thirty-four years. He had been reported dead for more than twenty years. Then one day he tapped at the door of a friend, and sent in his birth certificate by the maid who answered. He sat down and told the story of his wanderings in all parts of the world. They are set forth in *The Remarkable Story of Andrew Swan* (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). He began his adventures as a youth, and they started well enough with being chased up a tree by a boar in Cape Town. Later he found himself at the Solomon Isles, where the crew unloaded some luggage belonging to missionaries. This included clothing. "When they got hold of some white shirts they put their legs through the arms, tearing them into shreds, then they tied a piece of native twine round the shirt at the waist and went proudly along the beach showing off their finery." Their attentions were then turned to socks. These were a mystery, but they were promptly filled with sand and used as weapons for belabouring each other. There are many tall stories in this book, but I feel he is more trustworthy than his contemporary, Aloysius Horn. In the Persian Gulf there are freshwater springs in the bed of the sea. Pipes have been sunk into the bed and divers go down with waterskins and fill them. "I drank a pannikin of the water and found it very clear and cold, as if it had come from very high mountain tarns."

He has some interesting stories to tell upon the finding of ambergris. This precious material is created by indigestion in the intestines of the whales. It is essential to the making of scent and commands high prices. But the finding of it is a capricious business. The coast of New Zealand proved a happy hunting ground, and in a total of 172 days Swan found ambergris worth over two thousand pounds. A visit to Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's island, now a Chilean penal settlement, proved that Defoe relied heavily on his imagination. "I could never see the need for Robinson Crusoe to take so much trouble about his clothes; goatskin coats are quite too heavy for that climate. It's about 35 S., much the same as Cape Town or Valparaiso, where anyone will tell you the lightest clothing is the best." This story lacks no element of excitement. There is an epic battle with pirates, who were defeated by stinkpots. There is an Oppenheim story of diving to recover a case of deeds from a thief who was found in his bunk fathoms deep; there is also the story of a search for a kidnapped girl. They are all related without any desire to create a sensation. Here is stock-in-trade for a score of novelists. This book is a grand entertainment.

Mrs. C. S. Peel's very pleasant book of reminiscences, *Life's Enchanted Cup* (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) covers the years 1872–1933. It is the record of an extremely industrious woman of considerable resource. She has worked on the domestic side of journalism and made interesting Fleet Street contacts, but her account of life in the close of the last century will compel the attention of most readers. The good old days were extravagant old days, and Mrs. Peel's excursions in social service, many and varied, throw much light on the march of progress. In Edwardian times she reports that £4 a head was spent on food in middle-class households, the waste was appalling. Here is an account of a full life; that it has been a happy one seems largely due to the kindly, earnest spirit with which she has invested it.

I am suspicious of novels that deal with operatic stars. These persons are as false and tiresome in fiction as they are in life, but Miss Gabrielle Vallings writes with such vitality in *Belief* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) that I read to the end and enjoyed her story of the operatic star. The scene changes rapidly and the story has pace and passion. A wave of crime seems to have passed over the fiction of this country, and our novelists are all busy making the obvious person not the culprit in their detective stories. *The White Cockatoo*, by M. G. Eberhardt (Falcon Press. 7s. 6d.), follows this ruse, but the story is excellently told and the mystery well preserved. The murders take place in a half empty hotel in a small French town. No book to go to bed with, but one to make you sit up



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FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE

A WINDMILL HOUSE: A delightful Kentish home built 300 ft. above the sea near Dover. The windmill, although in perfect working order, is no longer in use. The owner, we understand, finds it more economical to *buy* his bread

MAKING THE NEW FOREST SAFE FOR SIGHTSEERS: Mr. George Wateridge, of Pondhead, Lyndhurst, travels nearly thirty miles a day through the New Forest, where he is engaged in clearing the neighbourhood of adders

A COTSWOLD SHEEP DRIVE: Mounted shepherds driving a flock from the hill-grazing grounds above Winchcombe for the annual sheep washing. In Gloucestershire many of the farmers still join forces in the work and their employees take a day off from the usual routine. Many thousands of sheep are dealt with during the day, the owners benefiting considerably from the increased prices obtainable for clean wool

A NIGHT-FLOWERING CACTUS IN SCOTLAND: A remarkable picture of the Cereus Mysticalis in full bloom. This fine example, sent to us by a reader in Alloa, was grown under glass. In five years it has increased in size from 18 ins. to 35 ft. This flower was about 12 in. in diameter and began, a few days ago, to open at about 7 p.m. By 7.30 it was fully extended and nine hours later had faded away

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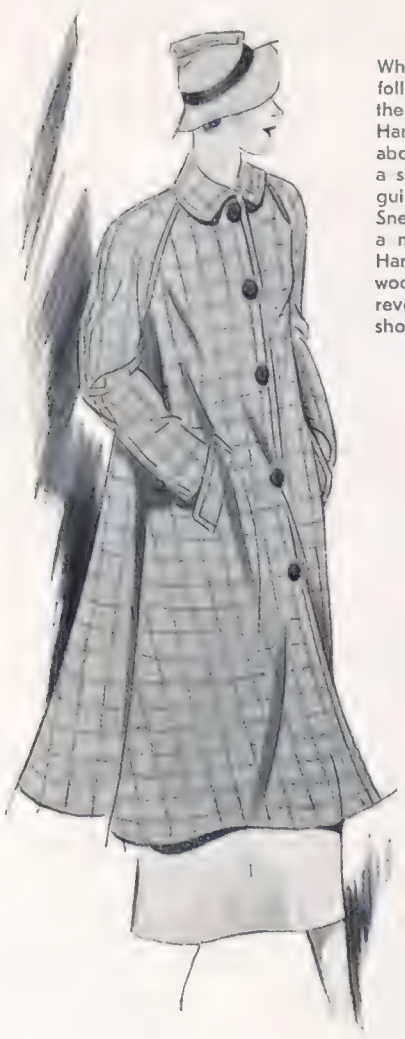
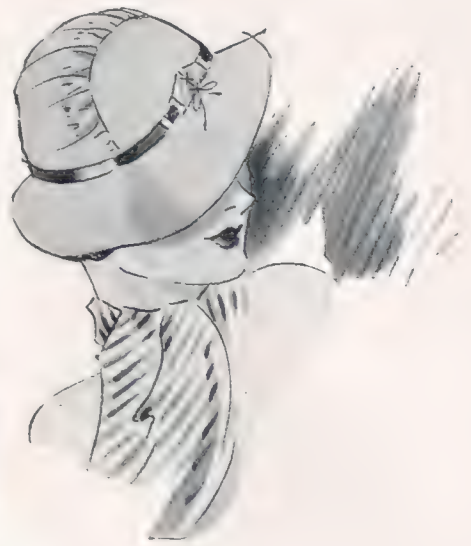
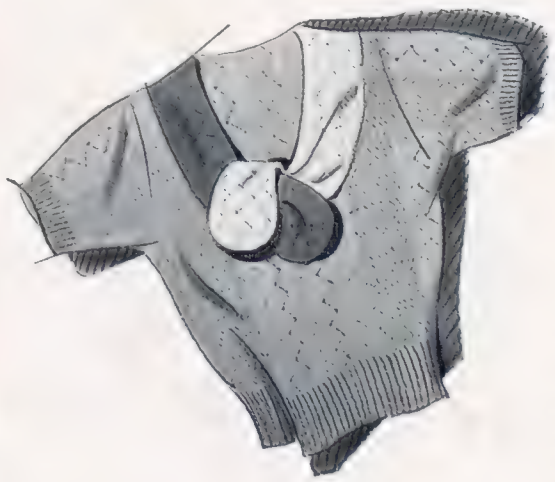
Of masculine cut, with a swagger that is essentially feminine, the very practical sac coat below is faultlessly tailored in beige Harris tweed checked with brown. The neat turned-down collar, the leather buttons, and the stitched seam running from neck to cuff on the raglan sleeves proclaim its newness, and the fact that it comes from Studd and Millington, of Conduit Street, is a guarantee of its essential rightness in every detail



Whether you merely arrive in time for a picnic luncheon or follow the guns in sober earnest, you would look very efficient in the workmanlike suit on the left, above. Made of stone-coloured Harris yarn checked in a deeper shade, it has two pockets, one above the other, on the right side: a wide stitched belt: and a skirt with four inverted pleats. It costs only six-and-a-half guineas in the Suit and Ensemble Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's. The travelling coat on the right is accompanied by a matching skirt and can be made to order. It is of a new Harris tweed in a mignonette mixture, fastened with large wooden buttons dyed to tone. The material is used the reverse way to trim the revers and cuffs, and the widened shoulders are set into a panel which narrows off at the hem





Jumpers and cardigans are of primary importance when one goes North. The model on the left is made in beige silk and wool, with a curved yoke in brown and white. It costs fifteen shillings at Swan and Edgar's, and for the same price there is a matching lace-stitch cardigan. Both are made in many other combinations of colour. The very chic hat of stone-coloured fur felt, trimmed with a red leather band that has a chromium fastening, was sketched in the same salons, together with the hand-sewn gloves in spongeable English cape. The well-designed gauntlet is sufficiently wide to go over the cuff of a loose overcoat

THE LAKE OF THUN with the town of Spiez in the middle distance and Mount Niesen towering into the sky behind it

SUMMER-TIME in the BERNESE OBERLAND

The Charm of the Lakeside and Valley Resorts—An Alpine Panorama of Rugged Beauty

By Edward E. Long, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

No part of Switzerland has more varied charms to offer the tourist in summer time than the Bernese Oberland. Here you have your choice of resorts large or small, nestling by the sides of lakes of wondrous beauty, stretched along lovely valleys flanked with steep mountains, adown the sides of which pour foaming streams—to swell the fast-flowing river below, and perched on lofty plateaux, almost on the very edge of great ravines, well-nigh surrounded by snow-clad peaks, and nestling amongst forests of larch, and fir, and pine.

The head centre for them all is Interlaken, on a level plain between the lakes of Brienz and Thun, and astride the Aare connecting them at the entrance to the beautiful valley of the Lütschine, and within sight of the Jungfrau, the "Queen of the Swiss Mountains." Interlaken is indeed an ideal holiday town, with a wide range of hotels, facilities for sports and excursions, and amusement generally, which ensure for its visitors the maximum of enjoyment. The surrounding mountains protect it from cold winds, on hot days refreshing breezes from the lakes render its climate very agreeable, and summer evenings, spent in the open-air listening to the delightful vocal and instrumental concerts which are held in the charming grounds of the fine Kursaal-Casino, round off in a perfect manner a well-spent day.

Quite near to Interlaken is the quaint little old-world village of Wilderswil, admirably situated for lovely walks amid the nearby hills and the starting-point for the ascent, by funicular, of Schynige Platte, from the summit of which there is a striking panoramic view of the mountains of the Oberland. To the east lies the Lake of Brienz, very Alpine in character, densely-wooded, with mountains sharply descending almost to the water's edge. Picturesquely situated almost at the foot of the Rothorn, a fine view-point, is the village of Brienz and Iseltwald, a gem of beauty, and by rail from here you approach Meiringen, in the midst of scenery almost unparalleled, the finest—the Falls of Reichenbach and the Aare Gorge.

The Lake of Thun is softer in tone, and very beautiful. Old-world villages, with medieval castles, jut into the blue-green waters, here and there a fine villa is seen amid park-like grounds, and in places vineyards slope upwards from the banks, whilst a distant view of snow-capped mountains heightens the picture with an Alpine touch. Thun, at the lake-head, rich in quaint medieval architecture and a twelfth-century turreted castle, affords a splendid panorama of the snows, with trips by steamer to the chief lake view-points, and is an attractive resting-place, whilst Spiez, half-way down the lake, on its southern shore, is very picturesque and has a castle that was once the "Golden Court" of a Burgundian King!

Near Spiez is the marvellous mountain view-point of the Niesen and beautiful little Einigen, where now an eighteen-hole golf course flourishes, and from Spiez, diverging railway lines lead to Adelboden via Frutigen, and to Kandersteg, and to Gstaad and Zweisimmen. Situated 4,500 ft. up, amidst rich pastures, on wide uplands, in the heart of the mountains, Adelboden, with its glorious views of the Grosslohner and the Wildstrubel, is one of the most healthful of summer resorts, and has excellent hotels, with all desirable amenities, in which it resembles Kandersteg, in the valley of the Kander, farther along the line. The scenery here is wild and rugged, the great peaks of the Blümlisalp, the Doldenhorn, the Balmhorn, and the Altels tower skywards; in the lonely Gasternthal foaming glacial torrents dash down the cliff-side and the Oeschinen valley shelters a mountain lake whose glassy waters reflect as in a mirror the beauty of the Blümlisalp above. Kandersteg has, too, its exquisite Blue Lake, with effects of colouring which are almost magical, and on the other side of the Gemmi Pass is the remote valley of the Loetschenthal, where you can still see the customs and costumes, and the quaintly-built peasant homes of the Switzerland of the sixteenth century.

A pretty spot is Zweisimmen, where the two streams of the Simmen meet, in a wide valley, and the rich pastures support a splendid breed of Alpine cattle, and higher up, near by, in another wide valley, lies Lenk, sunny and sheltered, with a situation so healthful, and springs so beneficial that it has become quite a popular summer spa. From its wide open plain there is a magnificent panoramic view of the high Alps, and the lake of Fluh, the Falls of Iffigen, and the Hahnenmoos each furnishes a pleasant excursion.

Gstaad, reached either from Montreux, by the Montreux–Bernese–Oberland railway, or from Spiez, has a very beautiful mountain setting and a fine open situation, which give it an invigorating climate and have enabled it to become one of the leading summer sports centres of the Oberland. Lovely forest lands furnish delightful walks. Such beauty spots as the Rottal Valley, with the Gelten glacier and the Lake of Lauenen, with Dungelschuss and the Niesenhorn, form pleasant excursions, and in one or the other of its fine hotels there is no more charming, abiding place in the summer time in the Bernese Oberland.

GSTAAD: A general view of the town with its scattered houses and delightful woodland and mountain scenery

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE OF OESCHINEN: The rugged outlines of the Blumlisalp are mirrored with amazing clarity in the waters of the lake

INTERLAKEN: The chief tourist centre in the Bernese Oberland at the foot of the Jungfrau

THE LAKE OF BRIENZ: An artist's and a holiday-maker's paradise

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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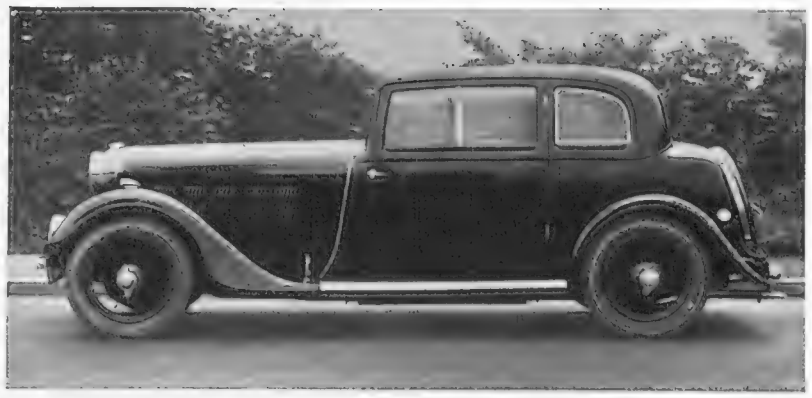

BUILT FOR SPEED: A Rover Hastings Coupé, mounted on the Rover Speed Fourteen Chassis. A similar model to this was awarded the Championship Cup for coachwork in Class 2 and a first prize in the R.A.C. Hastings Rally last March

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

TRAFFIC SIGNS. — The eagerly awaited report of the Departmental Committee on Traffic Signs has now been issued. The committee, it may be remembered, was a very representative one, and was presided over by that well-known road authority, Sir Henry Maybury. I am afraid that motorists, at least those who take their motoring a little seriously, will find that the committee have left out quite a lot they might have said, and that in consequence a great opportunity for making a real contribution to road safety and road pleasantness has been missed. None of the recommendations which the committee have made will cause any of us uneasiness. On the contrary, some of their findings are really good and sensible. Perhaps the greatest advance made is where the committee recommend that a special sign should be erected to warn users of a minor road that they are approaching a major road. The principle of such a sign has been debated for years by every club and by every motoring organization that exists. Opinions were quite heatedly divided as to whether traffic on a main road should have precedence over that of any subsidiary highway. The chief difficulty which seemed to worry quite a number of people was that in the event of a preference being granted anyone using a minor road might almost die of starvation whilst waiting to cross one of our arterial highways. This might conceivably happen, but it would be an extreme case, and neither rules nor regulations should be imposed or withheld on the sole ground that an exaggerated case may be a hard one for someone. It is, therefore, with very great pleasure that I learn of the committee's decision to recommend the creation of a sign warning a driver that he is approaching a major road.

Another recommendation which will commend itself to all road users is that where the committee suggest that signs should be brought down to a lower level so that their bottom edges are not more than 3 ft. 6 in. above the crown of the road. How our old signposts have managed to survive in this modern age, when they were originally erected for the benefit of people who were seated high up on horse transport, passes my comprehension. If the recommendations of this committee are carried out, these signs will speedily come down in the world.

RED, ORANGE, AND GREEN.— Although the committee do touch on the question of lights on the highway they have missed a wonderful opportunity of dealing with this burning question on the broadest lines. Now that red, orange, and green lights definitely have particular meanings, and also in view of the fact that non-observance may land the driver into trouble with the authorities, something should be done to regularize all lights on our highways. It is perfectly ridiculous for the law to expect me or any other motorist to differentiate between one red light and another, yet, as matters stand at the moment, I can be fined for passing a red light in certain places, yet at many other spots I can gaily sail past without any comment being made. Such a position should not be allowed to continue for a day longer than necessary. Not so long ago, when the lights in Piccadilly had only been erected about twenty-four hours, I annoyed a policeman very much by turning up from Piccadilly into Berkeley Street, merely because I did not see a light at all. Although it had not been erected more than twenty-four hours and a double-deck bus was in between the red light and myself, the minion of the law was quite unnecessarily severe.

It always seems strange to me that our servants whom we pay quite well cannot be more polite. This particular incident made me very apprehensive of all traffic signals, so that when I was down the other night in Brighton and found since my last visit that in some cases the authorities had installed the orthodox red, green, and amber lights, as well as their own semaphore signals, with orange goldfish bowls on top, I began to get very worried. I can truthfully say that I never went over a cross-road

(Continued on p. 156)

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE RILEY RANGE: The 9 h.p. Kestrel Saloon at Ashby St. Legers with the wonderful old Manor House in the background

From a Craven 'A' Smoker to Carreras Ltd. 12/2/33.

"I would like you to know that I have found Craven "A" cigarettes the *only* cigarette of all *brands* I have smoked that *do not* burn, or *hurt* my throat—or brown my fingers and teeth. I do not understand this and altho' I smoke 20 a day, my teeth are quite free from any discoloration, also my fingers. I really *do* think it's because you use the finest tobacco."

From an appreciative Smoker.

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SOLD—FRESH wherever & whenever you buy

Made specially to prevent sore throats

C A.5.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 154)

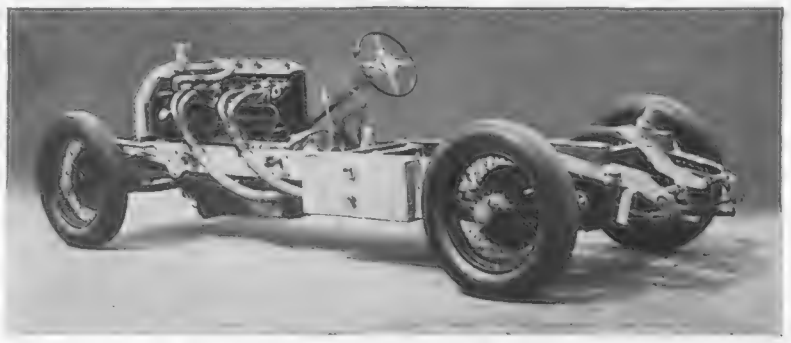
DEMOLITION: Removing the double bottle-neck on the London-Oxford road at High Wycombe. A whole corner is being cut away

without asking all my passengers if they agreed with me that the lights and signals were in my favour. Brighton is a particularly difficult place to negotiate at night time because the enterprising Corporation have erected coloured electric lights all over the place so that one's eyes become tired endeavouring to decide whether the next red light means stop or merely that there is plenty of cheap electricity in the town.

There are probably many other towns where conditions are equally as difficult, but there is not much use in trying to sort it out piece-meal as every light on or near our highways should only be erected with the consent of a proper road authority and, what is more, every one of those lights should, according to its colour, have a certain definite meaning which would be universal throughout the country. This then is the problem which the Department Committee should have tackled and solved.

BEHIND THE TIMES.—England has always been noted for her old-fashioned ideas and her almost unnatural tendency to cling to these ideas when it would be far more to her advantage if she took a more modern outlook and moved in line with her more progressive neighbours. This tendency has never been more apparent than in the case of motoring in this country, and it is only just a little more than a year ago since the absurd 20 m.p.h. speed limit was abolished, but even now there are certain local authorities who are clamouring for its reintroduction. Certainly many improvements have been and are being made to make motoring pleasanter and safer, but we are still far behind our Continental friends.

One thing has struck me in particular, and that is although road races have been allowed on the Continent right from the very beginning of the motoring era our politicians have never yet been able to see their way to permit these races to be held in this country. In consequence we have had to turn our attention to Ulster, and as this has become so popular the R.A.C. have, in addition, organized the Mannin Beg and Mannin Moar races in the Isle of Man. If it is possible and profitable to organize this type of race in Ulster and in the Isle of Man, both being part and parcel of Great Britain, surely there should not be any great opposition to their being held in England itself. If carnivals and processions are allowed to disorganize our traffic, then for the life of me I see no reason why certain stretches of a few semi-deserted roads cannot be reserved for a few days for something which is definitely of far greater importance to the country as a whole than are the numerous carnivals, processions, etc., that are held in practically every town in this country. I am not suggesting that the streets of London should be closed for a course for three days purpose in question, but we have some very good roads that could be used for a road two or three days each year without causing very much inconvenience to the public.



OIL DRIVEN: A special racing car chassis fitted with an A.E.C. standard 6-cylinder 130-h.p. oil engine. This machine is being specially built for Captain G. E. T. Eyston *(in circle)*, the famous racing driver

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.—England has only one official testing ground and that is Brooklands, and even then this was only brought about by the enterprise and courage of one man. When one considers the amount of interest taken in these races abroad, not only by the public but by the Governments concerned, it does seem a little sad that our own Government does not appear to have even a spark of enthusiasm. It is so little to ask, yet it would mean so much to our motor-car manufacturers. Our manufacturers have always worked under a disadvantage compared with their foreign rivals and it is a great credit to them that their products to-day are second to none. It would encourage foreign competitors to come over, and our own people would be able to race on equal terms without having to go abroad, which is definitely a great drawback. I seriously suggest, therefore, that the British Government should wake up from its lethargy and take just a little interest in this subject. "It Pays to Advertise" is a well-known slogan, and the advertising to be obtained from these races would amply repay everybody concerned.

A NEW ROAD IN CARINTHIA: A motor road which traverses parts of the Grossglockner region previously only accessible to expert climbers

THE WOMAN PURCHASER.—Whilst I would not go so far as to say that there are as many women motorists as men, they are in sufficient numbers to warrant very close attention from the motor manufacturers, and in this connection the well-known Austin Company have recently compiled a booklet specially to assist the woman buyer. This pamphlet not only deals with those things which a man would pass over as being of too little importance but which a woman would notice, and which are in reality quite important from many aspects, but it also deals with the finer points that should be considered when purchasing a car.

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P.2073

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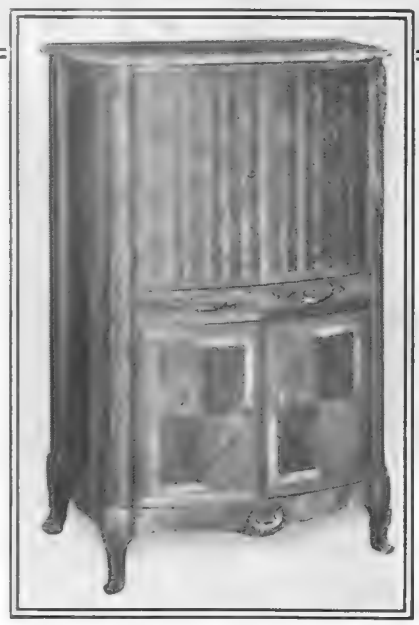

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THE HOPE ATHENA: To be sold at Sotheby's next week. It is a marble statue 7 ft. 2 in. high. It was unearthed in Ostia about 1797, and was acquired by Thomas Hope

A BISHOP AND HIS BROTHER: The Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip, and his brother the Rt. Rev. J. Theodore Inskip, Bishop of Barking, paid a visit to Trent College, Long Eaton. They are talking to Sir Albert Ball, father of the famous airman V.C. Lady Augusta Inskip is on right

CELEBRATING THE OXFORD MOVEMENT—*(Continued from p. 124)*

Oxford, but defending his position by his writings.

The Oxford Movement to-day is represented by that section of the Church of England known as the Anglo-Catholic. For some years past the Anglo-Catholics have been causing considerable perturbation to the governing hierarchy. Certain rectors and vicars of country parishes have shown great determination in carrying out certain practices held by many to be illegal—a matter which raises fundamental points in the mind of the true Anglo-Catholic. A plea for unity issued from the higher authority of the Church heralded the very elaborate celebration of the centenary of the birth of the Oxford Movement which has just taken place. The Evangelical section had to make as graceful an acquiescence as they could to this appeal.

There followed a series of meetings and functions and the publication of books upon the Oxford Movement and Catholicism, culminating in a High Mass held in the White City Stadium on Sunday last. The scene presented in the great arena justifies the adjective extraordinary, evoking on the one hand great devotional enthusiasm, and on the other a very deep criticism. The focal point of the arrangements in the arena was a large golden pavilion, reminiscent of the one erected for the Eucharistic Congress and generally Italianate in form. The dome seemed to be a miniature of that of St. Peter's in Rome. Beneath this was a 30-ft. altar, the biggest ever erected, according to the daily newspapers, red candles 6 ft. high held aloft by twelve deacons, the crimson canopy borne by four prominent Anglo-Catholics, and many other features appeared to the Evangelical mind to have a pre-Reformation significance. This very unusual event was variously recorded in different newspapers according to the predilections of the writer. In *The Times* "Holy Eucharist" and not "High Mass" was celebrated. *The Daily Telegraph* sympathetically described the service: "The like of which had not been seen in England before . . . no one who was present is ever likely to forget its wonder and beauty!"

Mr. H. V. Morton, the well-known author, writing in the *Daily Herald*, journeyed also sympathetically to the White City by reason of his link with Anglo-Catholics on the matter of the housing question; some 90 per cent. of the Anglo-Catholic priests, one may suppose, have Socialistic leanings. With a breadth of observation, characteristic of this brilliant writer, he notes that the White City on Sunday morning would "certainly have infuriated John Knox, it would even have upset Cromwell." He did not fail to notice "the four young men in black court dress with their rapiers slanting beneath their coats," but he comments, "even an Anglo-Catholic cannot wear the white ruff and the black tights of the Pope's corps of noblemen."

The news editors of several newspapers did not fail to record that a big yellow banner floated from a kite over the arena, bore the words "Protestant Alliance declares High Mass illegal," and that a loudspeaker voice could be heard intruding from without into the reserved area of the arena. It happened that just as the Bishop of St. Albans was entering, and the choirs were preparing to greet him with "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," this voice was heard booming out the words, "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England," a quotation which must have brought to the mind of Shakespearean students the famous scene in *King John*.

THE BLACKSHIRTS PARADE THE WEST END: Compared with other week end demonstrations, the Mosley Fascist march through the West End had to be counted a small affair. But the leader and his immediate suite presented a very striking appearance in their jerseys high at the throat. They wore shining black belts

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AWHEEL ROUND FRANCE

(*Continued from p.* 130)

The individuals represent themselves. There are twenty-three daily stages, and there are four off-days at Evian, Nice, Perpignan, and Pau. This means, in all, twenty-seven days—twenty-seven days of strenuous competition and sometimes of sheer torture. Each stage is about 200 kilometres, and the total varies in accordance with the itinerary from 4,500 to 5,000 kilometres.

Obviously the prizes must be generous. There must be adequate compensation for such extraordinary exertion. So it is not surprising to learn that in one way or another a sum amounting to 800,000 francs is to be divided at the end of the terrible traject.

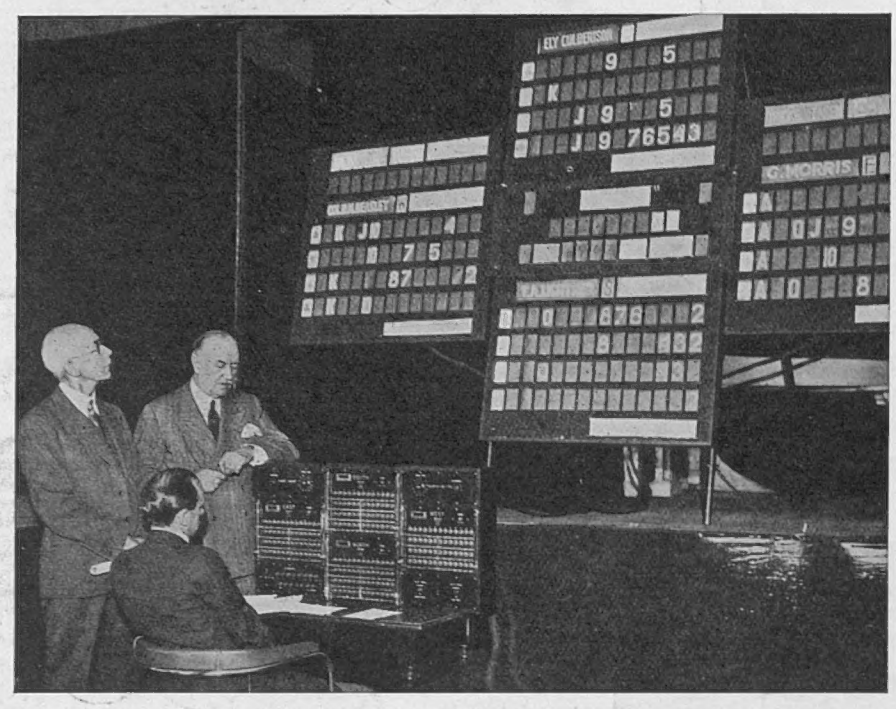
The eight members of each team, it is understood, must combine their efforts and help each other in every possible manner. Since they split the prize money they have no special interest in obtaining a purely personal triumph, and if one of their number finds himself in an advantageous position their tactics must be to keep him there. The public, however, does not in the least care about the team victories; it is only concerned with the actual victors. And for the victor, too, his success is important. He will receive engagements everywhere. Often it calls for real abnegation to strive for the team victory rather than the personal victory.

The isolated individuals strive every-one for himself. They are usually in a far less advantageous situation than the aces who belong to a team, but on the other hand they can break up combinations.

Generally, the French are regarded as excelling in speed, but as being mediocre in mountain-climbing. There the Belgians and the Italians take their revenge. The French favourites, whose names are probably scarcely known in England, but are in everybody's mouth on the Continent, are Leducq, Antonin Magne, and Charles Pelissier—though the latter was obliged to abandon in the early stages. The Italians are Guerra, Di Paco, and Camusso. The outstanding German is Stoepel. The Belgians have Ronsse and Aerts. Among the individuals the Frenchman, Benoît-Faure, is perhaps the best.

I have mentioned the difficulties, but there is one which I have not mentioned. It has a name. It is called by the cyclists and by the public "The Man with the Hammer." What is the Man with the Hammer? M. Gonnet, a well-known sporting writer, thus describes him: "He is an invisible being, because he is unreal, that the coureurs believe to lie in wait for them, behind a rock, in a winding path of the mountains. This invisible highwayman steals upon them from behind, with soft padding feet, and with his hammer he delivers a smashing blow on the skull of the athlete who may be in fine form. It is fatal. It is the fall, the collapse, the loss of will-power, tears, abandonment."

As they pursue their course, these champions of the Tour de France mutter to themselves: "The Man with the Hammer will get you if you don't watch out!"



PREPARING FOR THE GREAT BRIDGE BATTLE: Colonel Beasley (right), the British captain, and Colonel G. G. J. Walsh, the referee, examining the electric contract bridge playing board which is being used in connection with the Anglo-American Bridge Contest. Mr. Ely Culbertson captains the American team

PIG FARMING TO-DAY

(*Continued from p.* 132)

Upsetting fluctuations in the price of pigs, however, have prevented many home producers from expanding their activities in this direction.

There is, of course, vast room for improvement, and certainly the country would benefit by the erection of more bacon factories.

In the breeding of pedigree animals, however, Britain must be said to hold an outstanding place. Her stock is in demand in every part of the world, and in some countries a whole industry has been built up from original importations from British farms. Post-War developments in the Rumanian districts of Moldavia and Transylvania bear ample testimony to the quality of our products. In fact four years ago a Rumanian national census revealed that more than 2,000,000 head of stock were being raised—a satisfactory state of affairs largely resulting from the introduction of fresh blood from this country.

Pedigree breeding is naturally more of a job for the expert than the beginner. It also demands unlimited enthusiasm. But the extra time and trouble involved in caring for first-class stock are clearly well worth while. Animals of outstanding individual merit can, even to-day, command their price. For as long as the pedigree breeder bears in mind the necessity for eliminating all his animals that are not up to standard, worth-while prices are almost certain to come his way.

The British farmer, by adopting this policy, has clearly placed himself in an excellent position to meet the future demands of the world market.

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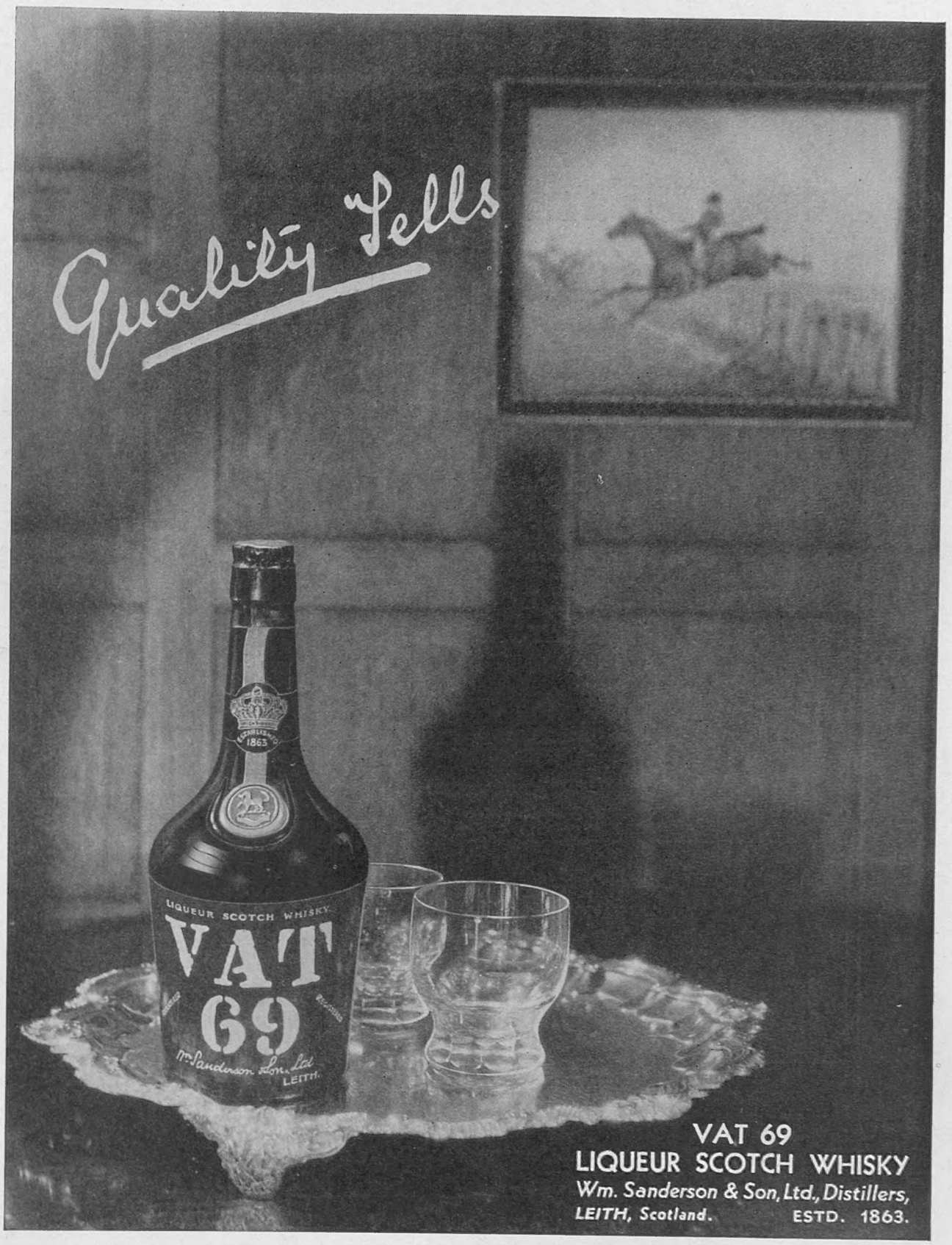

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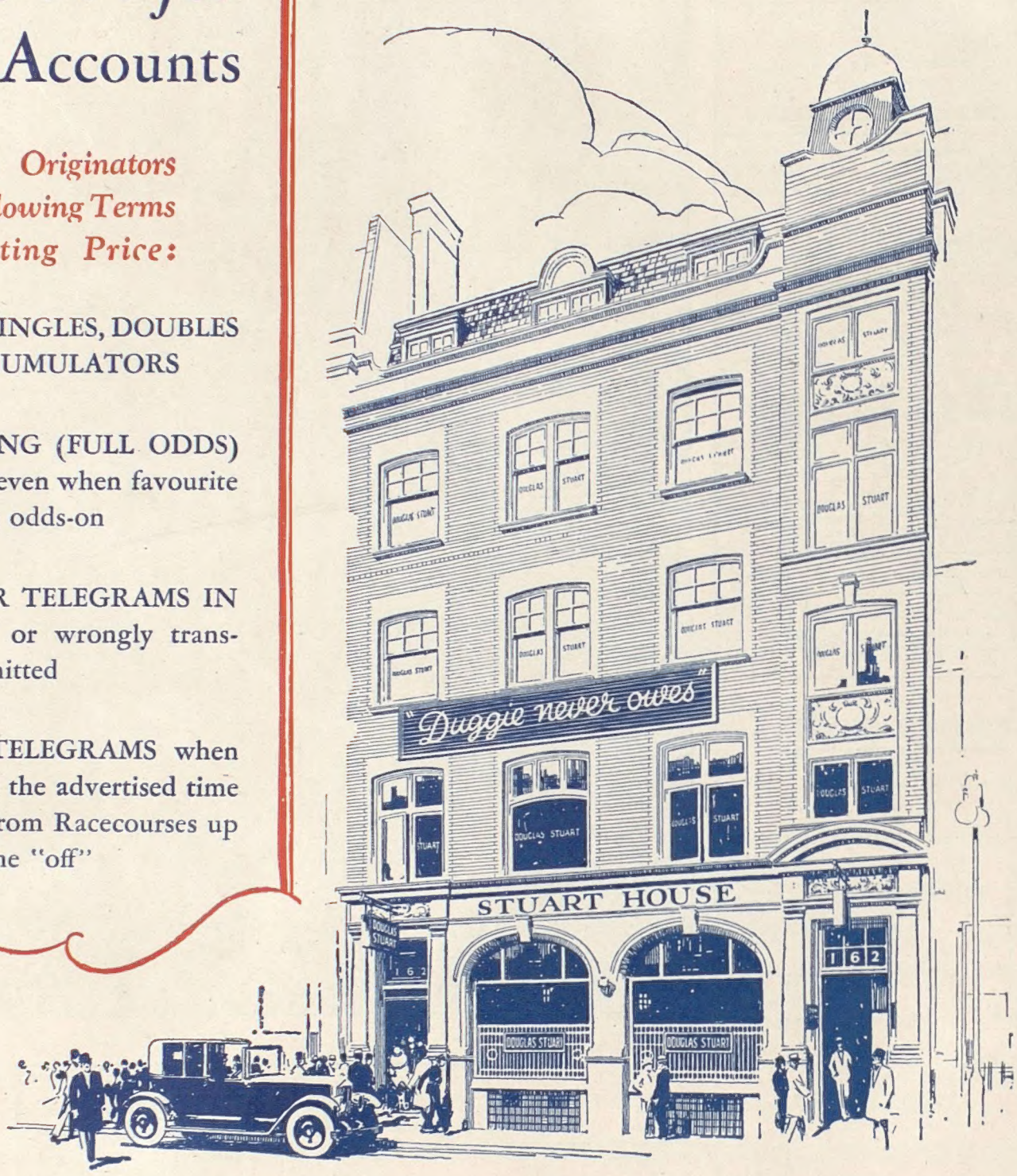

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